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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - **EDITOR**

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HARMFUL TO MOTOR CAR TRADE

CHARLES G. STODDARD, the well-known automobile manufacturer, is eminently right in asserting his belief that automobile races not only cause men to risk their own and the lives of others unnecessarily, but that the motor car business is badly injured every time a man is hurt. Whether it was the ethical consideration or the more sordid aspect of racing that drew from him the declaration that his company never would engage in another racing event matters not; his decision is a wise one and is in line with the contentions we have consistently advanced.

Following hard upon a similar announcement emanating from the Knox company, a few days previously, there is hope that the dangerous sport, which benefits only those having an eye single to the gate receipts, will, before long, be abolished by a process of elimination of cars, due to the example set by the more far-seeing manufacturers. If automobiles are to come into general use, there is a feeling of timidity to overcome extending to a wide circle of non-users. The killing of half a dozen speed maniacs, such as met death on the racing track at Indianapolis within a fortnight, is not attributable to a poorly-constructed speedway alone. The attendance is augmented by reason of the known risks taken in driving at an insanely fast gait, and the expectation of witnessing a tragedy is the secret impelling motive with a large proportion of the seatholders. A defective axle, a faulty tire may send a man to Kingdom Come in a jiffy, no matter how perfect the track may be.

Every time a life is sacrificed in this way a thousand possible car purchasers may be lost to the trade by reason of the shock to timid souls. It is this element of loss of business that will eventually discourage the racing of automobiles and close the tracks. Where a football scrimmage may result in injury to participants occasionally, auto racing is incessantly demanding victims. Who cares if a machine can speed around a track in a given time, ten seconds or ten minutes ahead of the next behind? There are wise laws against undue speeding on all city streets and on traveled country roads; what possible advantage to the average user of an automobile lies in the fastest clip taken?

Cut out the fool racing. A better plan for the

encouragement of the trade in automobiles lies in an intelligent portrayal of the relative merits of the machines through saner channels than the speed oval offers. So long as the absurd racing mania prevails will the sales of machines be curtailed. Mr. Stoddard is right, whichever way you view his conclusions.

FOWLER'S FLAYING OF CANNON

AS AN AFTERCLAP to the deposition by Speaker Cannon of Representative Fowler of New Jersey from the chairmanship of the house committee on banking and currency, which office he filled with signal credit, be it said, comes the accusation made by the New Jersey congressman that Cannon is responsible for the demoralized financial condition of the country, for declining to favor the remedy he suggested, which, later, proved to be the needed panacea. Mr. Fowler, in his open letter to Cannon, certainly scores many telling points. After showing that he was deprived of his chairmanship, as were others, because he joined the ranks of the insurgents, in a praiseworthy effort to retire Cannon to the floor of the house, he tells how he prepared his currency bill with the assistance of fifteen bankers of national reputation, and then went to the speaker, asking him to call it up for consideration, that prompt relief might be afforded and the impending financial crisis averted. In this connection, the following characteristically vulgar Cannonisms are recited. Recalls Mr. Fowler:

You literally hooted the idea of a panic, and inquired, "What in h— does this howling in Wall street amount to? The country don't care what happens to those d— speculators. Everything is all right out west and around Danville. The country don't need any legislation. Then, I don't take any stock in your d—d asset currency." As usual, your ignorance and prejudice were all sufficient then.

As a result of this deplorable attitude of the speaker, the bill providing for about \$250,000,000 of credit currency, called "national bank guaranteed credit notes," was refused consideration by the Danville autocrat of the house, who demanded the Aldrich bill or nothing. Apropos of that amazingly stupid measure known as the Aldrich-Vreeland bill, Mr. Fowler says:

Not a single hearing was held at the senate end of the capitol for the purpose of securing information, although conditions were most acute in the financial world, and yet a bill was brought forth there or somewhere else, or through the secret and illegitimate cohabitation of the finance committee of the senate and other influences, which was to be forced through both houses without any support whatever, except the political will of two political bosses. Yes, and against the vehement protest of every banking economist in the United States, against practically a united press, against a practically unanimous protest on the part of the bankers of the country and against the persistent and universal opposition of commercial bodies throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was passed.

This is a true indictment of half-baked legislation, whose principles upon which the bill is founded are utterly unsound and so much of a hodge-podge that, as Mr. Fowler truthfully declares, every city in the country that considered it seriously repudiated and rejected it as worthless and, if used, as dangerous. It was because of Cannon's arbitrary, and unpatriotic action in this regard, together with his crass ignorance, amounting to a menace, that the New Jersey representative determined never to support Cannon for re-election to the speakership, hence the reprisal, which was a natural sequence to one of Cannon's gross caliber and vicious, vulgar nature.

Still more sensational are the charges preferred to the effect that Cannon entered into a conspiracy with Aldrich to pack the conference committee on the senate tariff bill against the house bill; for the purpose of securing the adoption of the senate bill in general, to the end that the highest rates might be maintained and the President's

ante-election promises repudiated. Mr. Fowler challenges Cannon to cite in all our political history "a more dishonorable and disreputable piece of business, unless, perchance, you cite something in your own career of which the people are not yet advised."

Mr. Fowler, in his open letter, does not spare the adjectives in denouncing Cannon's conduct, nor do we think they are in the least overapplied. He closes his remarkable screed by asserting that if the Republican party wins the next congressional election, it will be upon the grave of "Cannonism," adding, that the publicity thus given to his denunciations is the result of a conviction that the country is imperiled by Cannon's ignorance, his prejudice, his purposes, his methods and his powers, in all of which Mr. Fowler has a multitude of sympathizing believers.

JUDGE GROSSCUP'S IMPORTANT RULING

IN THE EVENT the United States supreme court confirms the ruling of Judge Grosscup of the United States circuit court at Chicago, the interstate commerce commission will find itself shorn of much of its authority, in that it will be deprived of the arbitrary right to fix railroad rates, a power delegated by congress that has been bitterly resented by the railroads ever since the amended law went into effect. By his decision Tuesday, in what is known as the Missouri river rate case, Judge Grosscup, with Judge Kohlsaat concurring, the commission's rate creative power is taken from it, the court holding that congress never intended to repose so much arbitrary power in that body. Judge Baker, dissenting, takes the opposite view, affirming that it had been the specific intention of congress to transfer the rate-making power from the railroads to the commission.

This important ruling, which, if approved by the highest court in the land, relegates the commission's scope to its former police functions, was the result of an appeal from the decision of the commission rendered in June, 1908, when complaint was made that class rates from the Atlantic seaboard territory to Missouri river cities were unreasonable and discriminatory, as compared with the rates from the same territory to St. Paul and Minneapolis. It was held that rates to the northwest cities are controlled by competition of water lines and of Canadian rail lines, consequently they may reasonably be lower than to the Missouri river cities. But the commission further held that the latter rates were unreasonably high, because of those portions of the through rates applying between Mississippi river crossings and Missouri river cities to the through transportation being too high. These separately established rates were ordered reduced.

Naturally, there was a concerted note of protest from the western roads, reinforced by the jobbing interests of Chicago, St. Louis and Missouri river supply centers. Application was made to the circuit court for a temporary injunction to prevent the enforcement of the ruling by the commission, which was granted. This now is made permanent, unless the supreme court of the United States reverses the lower court on appeal, which the commission will hasten to perfect.

Judge Grosscup took the ground that the question was a much larger one than that applying between the shippers and the railroads; that it involved the commercial and manufacturing interests of Denver and of the territory west of the Mississippi river on the one side and the commercial and manufacturing interests of the Missouri river cities on the other. If the commission's ruling stood, the Atlantic seaboard shippers would have benefited at the expense of the shippers of the Missouri valley, the joint through rate to Missouri river cities being nine cents lower than the local rate added to the Mississippi river rates. In the Denver case a discrimination of

twenty-three cents was made. The railroads maintained that the principle laid down by the commission would be proper if applied to one road, but that its application to more than one would work a hardship because of the expense of operation of terminals by each road.

Los Angeles, as a jobbing center, is deeply interested in this decision, because of the bearing it has on the Spokane rating, which, if applied to all interior cities that have clamored for through schedules, would mean the loss of her jobbing business. If the "larger question," as viewed by Judge Grosscup, is to rule, then the local "back" rate will continue and the Pacific coast cities enjoying the through rate by reason of the water competition, as noted in the St. Paul and Minneapolis cases, will remain undisturbed.

STOICALLY MEETS FOURTH DEFEAT

POOR WELLMAN! After months of preparation, a brief sail of thirty-two miles in his dirigible balloon, with a vista of illimitable ice fields ahead and fond hopes of attaining the ultimate goal, and then a collapse! It was enough to make the plucky explorer weep, yet he bravely concealed his disappointment, even though this was his fourth venture into the unknown region of the Arctic pole. But for the breaking away of the guide "rope," containing the extra supplies, which, weighing upward of a thousand pounds, insured the vertical equilibrium of the airship, success might have attended the undertaking.

Back to the Fram, went the leader, chagrined and heartsick, but not despairing. The dirigible balloon had demonstrated its sailing qualities in numerous gratifying ways and, reconstructed and improved, will be placed in commission next year. All of which proves that once inoculated with the Arctic fever germ, it never gets out of one's system. Walter Wellman was the best Washington correspondent in the country before he was infected, but for the last six years his vocation has been superseded by the avocation of hunting the north pole, with unhappy results to his peace of mind and disaster to his legitimate work.

However, if he succeeds in this ignis fatuus pursuit he will be hailed with acclaim by layman and scientists alike, and fame and fortune will follow. Should he try again next year, fail, and return, he is not yet too old to resume his newspaper career, with a hope of displaying his former brilliancy of style and perspicacity in making political predictions. Of course, there is a chance of meeting *Andree's* fate, but your true Arctic explorer never thinks of defeat, he is the most optimistic of men. The only exception, judging by his journal, was Captain George W. DeLong, of the *Jeannette*, whose depression seems to have dated from the time the steamer was first caught in the ice pack. Wellman may as well nerve himself to meet the flings, gibes and jeers of the paragraphers for the next few months. That is a part of the penalty failure spells.

BENEDICTS UNDER THE BAN

DR. FREDERICK STARR again presses to the fore to relieve the monotony of mid-summer dullness. Last time he bleated it was to assure us that the women men marry are not civilized, that they gain their ends through deception, ruse and treachery, are savage at heart and have achieved greatness in nothing. Now, because two allegedly popular songs, supposed to express the modern husband's condition of mind when his wife goes to the country, have swum into his ken, this bachelor professor undertakes to say they indicate the mental state of the majority and show a weakening respect for the marriage relation.

Awful indictment! Frivolity, inconstancy, hopeless lack of seriousness and a failure to appreciate marital obligations are among the charges he prefers against the average married man. If this were true then who could blame woman for exercising all the arts and wiles of her sex to circumvent man? But the trouble with the University of Chicago professor is that he bases his conclusions on exceptions and calls them types. This proneness is attributable to the habit of the savant in reconstructing a skeleton out of a mass of bones and labelling it a specimen of its kind.

This is all right for a museum, but for modern flesh and blood individuals the method has its drawbacks.

Who shall say that the majority of husbands—heads of families—are frivolous, are inconstant, are unappreciative of their marital obligations in view of the millions who go uncomplainingly to the treadmill of daily routine, labor faithfully for the stipend agreed upon and with it care for wife and children in such degree of comfort as their means will allow? For the one man who shirks his obligations, who is frivolous and inconstant, there are a thousand otherwise? Because a frivolously-minded individual writes a silly vacation song, which tickles the popular fancy, temporarily, does that prove the contrary of these contentions? Absurd! Married men who honor their wives, love their children and have a fine sense of their obligations, laugh at and with the foolish ditty, and even join in the "Hooray, hooray!" chorus without in the least sympathizing with it. Or, if they are glad to be alone for a space, while the family is away, how speedily the old-time dissipations pall and with what secret relief the news is received that the absent ones are starting to return home. It was a bright woman of this city who, after reading Dr. Starr's reflections upon her sex, perpetrated last June, wrote as follows:

Tinkle, tinkle, Dr. Starr,
How I wonder why you are
Hard upon a sex as shy
As Pleiads in the sky.
When the type has all been set,
And the sheet with ink is wet,
Then you show your little light—
Tinkle, tinkle, silly knight.

To which we might add, in prose, however, that the *herr* professor is rapidly becoming a joke. As a psychologist he is lacking in one great essential, humor. He takes surface indications too seriously.

HOUSING PROBLEM FOR LABORERS

MEN CANNOT live like pigs and vote like men," quotes Mrs. Johanna von Wagner, as a warning to the powers that be in Los Angeles. It is hard to realize in this city of beautiful homes, small as well as large, where sunlight, airiness and space seem the recognized privilege of each citizen, that the housing problem already has presented itself as a menace to the city's well-being. The second annual report of the Housing Commission is just issued and presents clearly the aims, the accomplished work and the great needs of this most valuable aid to good government. We all know that the growth of the city in the last five years has been phenomenal, but it will surprise Los Angelans to hear that "New York City, with its crowded spaces and high values, gives her wage-earners better living accommodations at lower rents than does Los Angeles today."

Decent housing for the laboring man who is too poor to own a home of his own is the crying need. With the high rents and the limited supply of living quarters at any cost, the day laborer and his family have been forced into conditions of overcrowding and filth that are only supposed to exist in the oldest cities of the east. The aim is to preserve the home, but to do this there must be privacy, cleanliness and light—disease and crime thrive in the dark. This is not possible in the one-room shack or the abandoned freight car, which at present is the home of so many of the poor laborers. With the vacant areas and the great wealth of Los Angeles, it surely only needs that the city should be aroused to the danger, to combat it. "Sanitation in daily life is the preventive medicine of the future."

There are at present ten thousand people in Los Angeles who are the helpless victims of conditions that need to be remedied. The entire civilized world is beginning to realize in a practical way that the housing of the people is the foundation stone in the building of a city, and calls for the best attention of the municipality. Los Angeles has an unique opportunity; where other cities have spent millions in demolishing the slums, here we may, by the wise investment of capital, which will make a clear return of five per cent, forever prevent the condition which creates the slums. The working man can and does pay for his habitation, he has a right to look to his city that it be possible to obtain one that

is decent and livable. He is expected to vote like a man, let him then live like a man.

Members of the Los Angeles Housing Commission are: Dr. Titian Coffey, president; Rev. William Horace Day, vice-president; Miss Elizabeth Kenney, secretary; Miss Mary Veeder, Mr. George E. Bergstrom, Mr. Thomas Haverty and Rev. Dana W. Bartlett. The working staff is: Miss Dorothy M. Robings, clerk; Mrs. Johanna von Wagner, expert, and Mr. Manuel S. Carrizosa, inspector. The term "expert," that much-abused word, is not a happy title to apply to Mrs. von Wagner, though perhaps a definite one would be hard to find. She speaks six languages, among them Russian, a helpful accomplishment, as there are four thousand of that nationality in the heart of Los Angeles, who speak little English. She is also a trained nurse, with particular knowledge of tuberculosis, having given a thoughtful paper at the tuberculosis congress in Washington, D. C., just before coming here. She has had eleven years' experience in Yonkers and New York City. Los Angeles is fortunate in securing the services of so capable a woman. With names like the above to guarantee the work, the suggestions of this commission should be like the requests of kings.

TAFT ON THE DEFENSIVE

RUMORS from the President's summer retreat at Beverly, Mass., are to the effect that the administration is prepared to defend to the last ditch its record on the recent tariff legislation. This is naively stated to be an unofficial outgiving. The dispatch adds: "If the western opponents of the new tariff law expect silence from the President or a reluctance on his part to discuss its different provisions, they will be disappointed. The administration has burned its bridges and is ready to debate any and all schedules."

Nothing the President may do will disappoint the west after his recent exhibition of supineness, and that he will be driven to the last ditch of excuse is fairly certain. He will have his hands full from now on explaining and defending his pusillanimous conduct, his surrender to the predatory interests, his betrayal of the consumers who had fondly hoped that he would prove a tower of strength interposing between them and the preying class. But the tower proved to be of flabby material; there was much adipose tissue, but no muscle, and still less backbone. He talked big before the November election and, later, punctured his human tires. At the conclusion of the tariff controversy there was temporary self-inflation, but with the subsidence of the wind the net gain for the people was found to be of a negative nature.

President Taft has a heap of explaining to do that will avail him nothing. His administration must be defensive from now on or until his term of office expires, and that he will not be invited to serve again is a foregone conclusion. The people have lost all confidence in his several hundred pounds of flesh, and as for his smile, it is too fatuous to be convincing. He will find, just as Senator Bristow remarked on his return from Washington, that the agitation for tariff revision will continue in connection with the progressive movement, which is diametrically opposed to the perpetuation of special privileges that are obtained at the expense of the majority. President Taft has proved his non-eligibility to membership in the corps found fighting against iniquitous political practices.

GRAPHITES

E. H. Harriman's homecoming from the German spas has been the feature of the week in financial, commercial and railroad circles. This modern Colossus in his grasp of affairs, although of puny physique, is undoubtedly the most potential factor in the railroad world this country has ever known, the elder Vanderbilt's and Jay Gould's operations that once caused these railroad chiefs to loom large in the commercial life of the nation now appearing picayunish by comparison. Mr. Harriman is far from being a well man, although his stay abroad has greatly benefited him, but a physician in constant attendance indicates the seriousness of his condition. That his physical ailments are the result of an over-taxed brain and a defiance of nature's laws can-

not be doubted. He is paying the price, which so many other captains of industry have had to pay, as the result of their neglect of preliminary warnings.

Sound as the gold coin his name suggests is the attitude of Mr. Robert Dollar of San Francisco upon the question of American shipping, and his point of view, when compared with the stupid and iniquitous demand for subsidies voiced by the visiting stand-pat congressman in the northern metropolis, is like a good deed shining in a naughty world. He is right when he declares the American flag has been driven off the high seas by the absurd navigation laws that cripple and restrict our shipping. The American government might subsidize a merchant marine until the taxpayers were at the point of revolution and the situation would not improve so long as "protection" folly is maintained that builds a Chinese wall between American trade and foreign nations. Mr. Dollar is a practical shipowner and he has applied common sense to his argument.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

IF YOU are not acquainted with that curiously interesting book by Erasmus, written in praise of folly, get it at your earliest opportunity and enjoy it as I have done this week. My previous acquaintance with Erasmus lay in his "Colloquies," which are genial, argumentative and satirical in turn, and expressed in that purity of style for which the celebrated scholar and thinker and friend of Sir Thomas More is so justly famed. His "Praise of Folly," by the way, was dedicated to the erudite English statesman, and preceding the essay is a letter addressed to More in which Erasmus tells why he came to write a panegyric upon so odd a subject. This letter, or epistle, as he calls it, forms a delightful prefix to the copy of the work I was charmed to unearth in the Old Book Shop which, in addition, is embellished with cuts, really caricatures, by Hans Holbein. My find bears the imprint of a London house (1876), and, considering the original publication was in 1511, the popularity of the work is indicated by its venerability.

* * *

Folly is represented as preaching from her lofty pulpit to all sorts and conditions of men; proving that all are fools, and therefore, her subjects; and from her come the gifts they most prize. In his letter to Sir Thomas More, Erasmus expresses the hope that his friend will not only readily accept of the "rude essay" as a token, but will take it under his more immediate protection. He reminds those who may be offended at the lightness and pedantry of his topic, that he has had illustrious examples set by many considerable authors before him. Homer wrote, he would have them consider, of not more weighty a subject than of a war between the frogs and the mice, Virgil of a gnat and a pudding-cake, and Ovid of a nut. Polycrates commended the cruelty of Busiris, Isocrates extolled the injustice of Glaucus, Synesius pleaded in behalf of baldness; and Lucian defended a sipping fly, Seneca drolingly related the deifying of Claudius, Lucian and Apuleius the story of an ass and yet another records the last will of a hog. With this by way of apology, Erasmus invites the attention of the ingenious reader to the fact that he has aimed at diversion rather than satire, and has so tempered his style that if anyone complains he is particularly reflected upon he does but betray his own guilt.

* * *

Folly is given the feminine gender, Plutus her sire; her mother a young nymph, her birthplace the Fortunate isles, where all things grow without the toil of husbandry, wherein there is no drudgery, no distempers, no old age; where in the fields grow no daffodils, melloes, onions, pease, beans, or such kind of trash; but rue, all-heal, bugloss, marjoram, heart of life, roses, violets, hyacinth, "and such like fragrances as perfume the garden of Eden." Folly came not crying into the world like other infants, but perked up, and laughed immoderately in her mother's face. Her wet-nurses were two jolly nymphs; an offspring of Bacchus and the daughter of Pan; towit, Drunkenness and Ignorance. One of her attendants was Self-love, another Flattery, a third Forgetfulness, a fourth Laziness. To these are added, Pleasure, Sensuality, Madness, Intemperance and Sound Sleep. By their help and service, Folly is enabled to bring all things under the verge of her power, lording it over the greatest kings and potentates.

* * *

What is it in children, asks Erasmus, that makes us so kiss, hug and play with them, and that the

A MAN OF "PARTS"

What if Dame Fortune prove unkind?
There's soap for me, the barber said,
For though I often get behind
I'm always at the head.

Though I am proud I do not mind
A scornful face to see;
I love to gaze around and find
A nose upturned to me.

Shall envious tongue revile and jeer
Because acquaintances I scrape?
Go to! I'm often forced to hear
The chatterings of an ape!

That I may live I sometimes dye,
And oft to earn my dole,
Within the twinkling of an eye
I flit from poll to poll.

You see in me no soldier gay,
Who scorns an honest trade,
And yet I daily carve my way
By virtue of my blade.

Shall I complain when burglars steal?
To me it is no shock;
Their keen delights I often feel
Whene'er I pick a lock.

Around my humble board I sit
And welcome to my chair
The man who brings a luscious bit
And bids me cut a hare.

No blustering, boasting braggart I,
Who of his prowess blows,
Yet many a doughty man and spry
I've handled by the nose.

The wisest scholars flock to me
To get a brushing up;
And though a sober man, you see
I'm always at the cup.

People may fret and fuss and scold
And say I lack in grace,
Because they claim I'm overbold
And stare one in the face.

Why should I care if travelers go
Where arctic oceans roll?
I daily wade in heads of snow—
I'm always at the poll!

What if a man just misses death
Or trifles with the grave
I need not draw a quicker breath,
I've seen a closer shave.

By some I'm deemed a luckless wight—
I'm in hot water all the time;
O, mine would be a wretched plight
If cutting were a crime.

Let others prate of what they may
And rave of Nature's arts;
A fig for what these tow-heads say—
I am a man of parts! —S. T. C.

bloodiest enemy can scarce have the heart to hurt them, but their ingredients of innocence and folly? And when they approach waspish old age folly again intervenes by bringing them back to infancy again, so that there is much truth in the proverb, "Once an old man, and twice a child." Folly takes them to the well of Forgetfulness, situate in the Fortunate Islands, and when they have eaten and drunken they merely dote and play the fool, which is what is meant by growing young again; for what else is it to be a child than to be a fool and an idiot? Folly, observes Erasmus, is the best preservative of youth, and the most effectual antidote against age.

* * *

Erasmus is undeniably hard on women, viewed through twentieth century eyes, but, of course, he merely expressed the prevailing sentiment of his age. Quoting Plato, who doubted under what genus to rank woman, whether among brutes or rational creatures, Erasmus explains the Greek philosopher only meant to denote the extreme stupidity and folly of that sex—"a sex so unalterably simple, that for any of them to thrust forward and reach at the name of wise, is but to make themselves the more remarkable fools."

And yet, he argues, there is no reason women should take it amiss to be thus charged, for it is to Folly they are beholden for those endowments, wherein they so far surpass and excel man. "To please their husbands they garnish themselves with paint, washes, curls, perfumes,

and all other mysteries of ornament by which folly they become acceptable to them.

* * *

One commendable property of children and fools is that they always tell the truth, notes the Dutch scholar. Whatever the fool has in his heart he betrays it in his face; or what is more notifying discovers it by his words; while the wise man, as Euripedes observes, carries a double tongue; the one to speak what may be said, the other what ought to be; the one what truth, the other what the time requires; whereby he can in a trice so alter his judgment, as to prove that to be not white, which he had just before swore to be black; like the Satyr at his porridge, blowing hot and cold at the same breath; in his lips professing one thing, when in his heart he means another. Truth, says Erasmus, is seldom palatable to the ears of kings; yet fools have so great a privilege as to have free leave, not only to speak bare truths, but the most bitter ones too; so at the same reproof, which had it come from the mouth of a wise man would have cost him his head, being blurted out by a fool, is not only pardoned, but well taken, and rewarded.

* * *

With a fine scorn for those who boast of their lineage, Erasmus confesses that he cannot pass by that sort of fools, who, though their first descent was perhaps no better than a tapster or tinker, yet highly value themselves upon their birth and parentage—one fetches his pedigree from Aeneas, another from Brutus, a third from King Arthur; they hang up their ancestors' worm-eaten pictures as records of antiquity, and keep a long list of their predecessors, with an account of all their offices and titles, while they themselves are but transcripts of their forefathers' dumb statutes, and degenerate even unto those very beasts which they carry on their coat of arms as ensigns of their nobility.

* * *

It is almost needless, declares this keen satirist, to insist upon the several professors of arts and sciences, who are all so egregiously conceited that they would sooner give up their title to an estate in lands than part with the reversion of their wits; among them, more especially stage-players (mark you, this was written nearly a century before Shakespeare's day), musicians, orators and poets, of whom the more of duncery they have and the more of pride, the greater is their ambition. And how notoriously soever dull they be, they meet with their admirers; nay the sillier they are the higher they are extolled, folly (as before intimated) never failing of respect and esteem.

* * *

Those scribbling fops, who think to eternize their memory by setting up for authors Folly claims as her own. "Though all are in some way indebted to me," she declaims from her pulpit, "yet there are those more especially so, who spoil paper in blotting it with mere trifles and impertinences. For as to those graver drudgers to the press, that write learnedly, beyond the reach of an ordinary reader, who durst submit their labors to the review of the severest critic, these are not so likely to be envied of their honor, as to be pitied for their sweat and slavery. They make additions, alterations, blot out, write anew, amend, interline, turn it upside down, and yet can never please their fickle judgment, but that they shall dislike the next hour what they penned the former, and all this to purchase the airy commendations of a few understanding readers, which, at most, is but a poor reward for all their fastings, watchings, confinements, and brain-breaking tortures of invention." It is almost incredible that this scaring comment on writers' foibles was penned four hundred years ago, not so very long after Caxton had invented the art of printing!

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In this delightfully whimsical manner does Erasmus consider every phase of folly conceivable, and that it is Folly herself, from the pulpit, who reveals the truth, adds zest to the sermon. Hans Holbein's drawings serve to illumine the text in a most amusing way. The final drawing shows Folly descending from the pulpit, her congregation of fools observing her with diverse expressions, ranging from sober seriousness to broad laughter, admirably depicted by the talented artist. Erasmus has given us most profitable reading. No wonder the famous Dutch essayist and critic was sought in friendship by such contemporary lights as King Henry VIII. of England, Dean Colet of St. Paul's, Sir Thomas More, the archbishop of Canterbury, Charles V. of Germany, the pope of Rome and scores of other equally noted personages of history whose admiration of Erasmus was boundless. Truly, I am greatly beholden to him my humble self.

S. T. C.

PERSONALITY IDEA IN ACTING

Distinctive American School Which Has Been Evolved Out of the Starring System

IN THE last few years a school of acting has been gradually growing up. As yet it has few exponents and these are for the most part men. It seems to be distinctly American and to a large extent the outcome of the starring system and the personality idea. It needs a man with a strong individuality who, by his general make-up and build, suggests the part he essays to play. He must have the power to let a situation take care of itself without obtruding his personal feelings upon it, and he must have the power of repose. To refrain from moving is sometimes a more potent and a more difficult way of expressing an emotion or of conveying an idea than any positive movement could be. William Hodge and Henry E. Dixey illustrate the method admirably. Though these men have both strong personalities one cannot help thinking of them together, for they are fun-makers of the best sort and they gain their effects in the same way. One wonders where and how they learned the value of keeping still. Neither ever moves except to create a definite effect, and then the motion is very deliberate. The consequence is that the slightest movement counts, and we watch for it; the twitching of the lips to repress a smile, the narrowing of the eyes, a turn of the head, a slight uplift of the eyebrow often says more with them than the spoken sentence. When they speak, they speak as deliberately as they move, and always in a quiet voice from which, apparently, all emotion has been carefully extracted.

* * *

"Mary Jane's Pa," which Mr. Dixey played last season, is notable only because Dixey played Pa. There is very little play, but there is a great deal of Pa, and one leaves the theater with the wish that there were more. Long before the play opened Pa, simply because he was bored, left Ma with two children to work out her own salvation as best she could. He comes back, after she is comfortably established, a common, or, rather, a very uncommon, tramp, and announces that he has come to stay. He stays and that is the play. But in the process of establishing himself, he does a great many entertaining things. First, he demands supper, and as he eats what seems to him a very wretched meal, a solution occurs to him. He proposes to his wife that he remain as her cook. It will prevent embarrassing explanations to the children, leave her free to carry on the business and give his artistic soul a chance for expression. After that he is ready for any emergency, from writing editorials and running the printing press to making delectable cakes for Mary Jane. Finally, he saves his older daughter from a runaway marriage, awakens to a sense of his responsibilities and is taken to his wife's heart. Mr. Dixey's use of his hands is remarkable. It carries one back to Mansfield and Beau Brummel. In his handling of the supper things, he might have been the Beau himself. When one remembers the expressive hind legs of Evangeline's heifer, one is not surprised at the height which Mr. Dixey has reached in the course of his career.

* * *

Mr. Hodge is now playing "The Man From Home," at the Astor Theater. This play ran for nine months last season and seemed more and more attractive as the season advanced. It closed for July in order that Mr. Hodge might have a much-needed rest, and the pleasant diversion of a honeymoon. Just before he left New York, he was married very quietly to Miss Helen Hale, and the two left for an automobile trip through the west. It is to be hoped that "The Man From Home" will continue indefinitely, for it is exceedingly clever comedy and as clean as it is clever. It makes demand upon neither intelligence nor emotions, but it amuses and it cannot help but interest those who care for good, clean-cut work. There is a more or less involved plot that might of itself hold the attention, but the interest centers about Mr. Hodge and his playing of the Man. The action takes place at Sorrento, in the grounds of the Hotel Regina Margherita. Ethel Granger-Simpson from Kokomo, Ind., is there with her brother and a party of English friends, including the Earl of Hawcastle, his son, the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, and the Comtesse of Champigny.

* * *

Attracted by the title, Ethel wishes to form an "alliance" with the Hon. Almeric, and the fortune-hunting earl is holding out for a settlement of £150,000. This seems a large sum of money

to simple-minded Daniel Voorhees Pike, the girl's guardian, so he comes all the way from Kokomo, bringing an automobile up the cliff with the aid of to see about it. He makes his appearance, dragging two donkeys, in company with his friend "Doc," who turns out at the right moment to be the Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch. The automobile seems to be in a sad state, and Pike sets to work to straighten it out. People come and go, but Pike continues to tinker at the machine. As Ethel is explaining to him the advantages of the alliance, which she cannot enter into without his consent, Almeric passes by. With a sidelong glance at him, Pike remarks, \$750,000 for that! Now, how much would a real man cost?" And as a natural corollary, when Ethel's brother, Horace Granger-Simpson, interviews him about marrying the Comtesse, Pike asks, "How much is she going to give you?" And comments on the situation with a dry "Well, I thought you'd at least charge her a living."

* * *

Suddenly there is a terrific excitement about the hotel, for it is rumored that a terrible bandit from Russia is at large; the carabinieri are ordered out, and people run about wildly. In a lull, Ivanoff, a poor, starved, hunted creature, drops over a trellis at Pike's feet and begs to be saved. As a matter of course, Pike saves him. He gives the man his duster and resumes his coat. "Do you know anything about automobiles?" he asks. "You don't? Then you're a chauffeur." And the man soon finds himself under the machine on the ground. Immediately the excitement is resumed. The carabinieri come back, and, seeing the chauffeur, demand an explanation. Pike simply looks at them and remarks to himself, "I bet the little round one asked that." The remark is repeated in Italian. "Tell it again," he says, "there are two of them." The carabinieri finally leave the fugitive safe.

* * *

But Lady Creech has seen the whole occurrence and tells the earl. He, believing that he has Pike at a disadvantage, demands the settlement of £750,000, threatening to turn him over to the Italian government for hiding a criminal. Pike takes the chances. He finds that the earl was the trusted friend of Ivanoff, that he had run off with Ivanoff's wife, and that she is no other than the comtesse, whom Horace wants to marry. In the face of this, Ethel still pleads to marry Almeric, because "he needs her." Pike then gives his consent and Almeric quickly shows that the money was all he wanted. Things then shape themselves very quickly. The Grand Duke discloses himself, Ivanoff is pardoned, the fortune hunters withdraw in chagrin, and Ethel finds that, after all, the faithful Pike is the man of her heart, and the curtain goes down as she sings her message to him and he listens to the words of the song that he loves best, "Sweet Genevieve."

New York, August 23.

ANNE PAGE.

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON

TO DESCRIBE with anything like fullness the haunts of Shakespeare in London, one would have to treat, more or less minutely, of the London of Queen Elizabeth and James I. It was not a very big London in those days, though it must have been vastly interesting. The London of Shakespeare, however, was almost obliterated by the Great Fire in 1666, so that today you would probably search in vain for any actual haunts of his. It is convenient to forget this sometimes, and Goldsmith may be excused for imagining that the Boar's Head in Eastcheap was the one that Shakespeare himself had entered, and was the merry refuge of Falstaff and his boon companions. Poets may allow their imaginations to play them tricks of this kind, and nobody is any the worse for them. Wordsworth composed a very fine poem on Rob Roy while he imagined himself to be sitting on the famous outlaw's grave; the verses were none the worse for the fact that the poet was reclining above the dust of a less famous child of the mountains. Yet it would be pleasant to think that Goldsmith had sat in the identical room that Shakespeare had used and made the scene of Falstaff's wittiest efforts. But facts cannot be explained away; and the Boar's Head in Eastcheap having been completely destroyed by the Great Fire, Goldsmith sat in a quite different tavern, and waxed eloquent, hugging a sweet delusion to his breast.

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And now the Boar's Head that Goldsmith knew also has disappeared to make room for the statue to King William IV. and greater carriage space for the approach to London bridge. Only the sign of the Boar's Head with the date 1668 now

remains, and this sign is to be seen at the Guildhall. Within a few minutes' walk of the Boar's Head, in Shakespeare's time, a thirsty pleasure-seeker would most likely pause at the Mermaid Tavern, in Friday street, Cheapside. This, perhaps is now the most famous tavern in the whole range of history; more famous even than that at which the Canterbury Pilgrims made the acquaintance of one another. But you will not be surprised to know that learned antiquaries have grave doubts about the Mermaid, so far as Shakespeare and his friends had anything to do with it. You see, there was another Mermaid in Cornhill; and antiquaries are always at much pains to trace a story to its source. It is not enough for them that you can read the lines of Beaumont, a contemporary of Shakespeare, in which he says, "What things have we seen done at the Mermaid?" Shakespeare not being mentioned by name, it is impossible to prove by testamentary evidence that he ever was at the Mermaid. Still, if you refuse to believe that he never drank and joked there with Ben Jonson, you must be a born skeptic. Sir Walter Raleigh is supposed to have founded the Mermaid Club; but that, it appears, is mere hearsay. It may be true, or it may not. There was, however, a club in Fleet street of which Ben Jonson was the president—No. 2 Fleet street, and it was called the Apollo Club.

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Antiquaries will tell you, seeing they are so fearful lest they fall the victims of their own credulity, that you must not be convinced that Shakespeare ever entered the Devil's Tavern, there being no corroborative evidence to that effect. But, in spite of the antiquaries, you may be quite sure that Shakespeare did stroll in there and pass many a merry hour. The rules of the club were drawn up by the redoubtable Ben Jonson himself, who, instead of being a lean, sour-tempered scholar, was by this time a round-bellied, jovial autocrat, his own regulations with all the liberality of a good-tempered monarch. Not far from the Devil's Tavern was the house of Florio, he who translated Montaigne, and it is thought that Shakespeare often may have visited the great translator in Shoe Lane, Fleet street, if for no other reason than that Shakespeare wrote his own name on the fly-leaf of a Montaigne by Florio.

* * *

But as Shakespeare's business in London was principally connected with the stage, we must go to Blackfriars and Bankside to find the most frequent haunts of the great dramatist. Coming to London before he was twenty, Shakespeare seems to have become connected with the theater at Blackfriars very soon after. At Blackfriars it is not surprising that he should soon have made his influence felt there, and that he should have been one of the founders of the Globe Theater, on the southeast side of the river Thames. The stage then had as many as, and even more influential opponents than it has now, and the Globe Theater had to struggle hard for its existence. On the site of what is now Barclay & Perkins' brewery, the first Globe Theater was erected, and in order to be near it, Shakespeare took up his residence on that side of the river. Ten years after it was first licensed, the Globe Theater, which was octagonal in shape and covered with thatch, took fire, and was burned to the ground. The house was filled, it is said, with people to witness the representation of "King Henry the Eighth;" but they all escaped unhurt, which seems to say a great deal for the management of that period. Ben Jonson is supposed to have been in the theater when it was burned, because of certain verses of his entitled, "An Exe-cration Upon Vulcan."

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As there were no insurance policies in those days, Shakespeare, it may be imagined, might have penned the "Exe-cration Upon Vulcan" with more zest than Ben Jonson can be supposed to have felt. Yet it did not ruin him; and after he had returned to his native village he still had shares in the new theater, which was not covered with thatch. These are but one or two of the haunts of Shakespeare in London, and of some of Shakespeare's connection with them we hear only in the vaguest way, for he seems not to have obtruded himself on his contemporaries any more than he does on the readers of his work today. No great personality is more obscure than his: none seems to have had less love for notoriety. Yet for this reason alone some would nowadays have you believe that "Shakespeare" is but a name. Of men infinitely less we know infinitely more! and of them we cannot know enough, simply because they knew Shakespeare.

EDWIN A. COOKE.

London, August 16.

ON KEEPING ONESELF FIT

THIS IS THE SEASON when all preachers, whether in the press or from the pulpit, should exhort their flocks to flee to the hills or the meadows by the sea. Have you had an outing? If not, why not? Are you a fool? That is, do you use the common sense with which surely God and your ancestors endowed you? No wonder woman wants to rule when man refuses to keep himself fit. On every side we see, and are sorry for, neurasthenics. We watch their frantic, futile efforts at repose. But they cannot keep still. They become a morbid misery to themselves and an irritable nuisance to their neighbors. It is the old, old story, but told in homely adage—"Burning the candle at both ends."

National sins? These may be many—the get rich quick mania, the speed craze and all the symptoms of the falsely boosted Strenuous Life—but the most vital is the neglect of so many men, after they have left school, to keep their bodies in fair fettle. We overwork the brain, which means exhaustion of the nerve centers, and we underwork the body. And so, while we strain and stimulate, stimulate and strain the nerves to preposterous tension, we underfeed or overfeed—equal sin!—the body, and have "no time" to exercise the muscles. No! I will not invade the provinces or preserves of my friend, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who writes hygienics in the popular magazines, or Dr. Harry Brook, the local prophet of the Care of the Body. Already, we have too much theory and too little practice. But the good old motto, "Mens sana in corpore sana" can never grow stale.

"No time" to keep oneself fit! Do you recall the Buddhist's answer to the western sight-seeing statesman—"I presume you have as much time as anyone else." No, there is not a valid excuse—nothing for self-deception and self-poisoning—for refusing to accept the call of the sea, the peace of the valley, the joy of the mountains. If you don't break away, inevitably you will break down. But we imagine vainly that the wheels won't turn without us, that we can't afford a vacation—in fact, that fate, as a blind for our own foolishness, has predestined us to interminable slavery and slow suicide.

That is the negative side of the folly of the man who refuses to oil the machine. On the other hand, it is man's first positive duty—to his God—whatever his ideal may be—to himself, who too frequently becomes the only living reality—to his family, to his fortune, to his generation and to the race—to keep himself fit. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill" or "Thou shalt do no murder," naturally and necessarily applies with even greater force to oneself than to one's neighbor. If you persist in discarding the imperative invitation of Nature to a holiday, your denial and defiance of natural law means slow, insidious suicide. Are you guilty of it? Shake yourself, prick or kick yourself, Mr. Editor, Mr. Minister, Mr. Banker, Mr. Lawyer, Mr. Merchant, and you, you greatest sinner of all, Mr. Physician, you yourself, and test your fitness, if you doubt it. If you are getting through your work, relying on stimulant or drug to lift you over the last fences, be sure your fall will only be the severer. The women, comparatively, are far fitter than you. And that is the reason of many divorces. If you are not fit enough to assert your mastery, a woman does not have to be a suffragette to despise you in her heart of hearts, though her mother-love may still protect you. And you are not fit, mind you, if you don't rule the roost. Abandon your boys to the mothers and the schoolmams, and your country will be ill prepared for a Japanese invasion or any other menace. The mother's influence is sweet and often braver than the man's, but no mother should discipline or punish a boy at the age of puberty, and if "father" isn't fit, the youngster will have his own way and remain an unlicked cub. Independence at times entails disobedience and breeds rebellion.

"Nation Watches Railroad King—Interest in Harriman's Return Acute—With Bated Breath Financiers Await News of Magnate's Arrival." Thus run the headlines of my favorite—for, though pharisaic, it is the least offensive—newspaper this morning. And this news is probably true, although it must be qualified, for on such bright mornings of shortening summer, thank heaven, the sky, the sea, the earth and all that in them is, are calling the heart of a large portion of the nation to play. And so the nation, I hope, is more interested in what fly to use to catch the nubile grayling, whether the horses will be on time for the picnic, whether mother will let Mary

go in swimming at 11 o'clock, if there really be a deer in the forest or only a cottontail, if Jane can really make decent flapjacks, or if little Willie ate too many green apples before breakfast.

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But, while, of course, we all despise monarchy, which, after all, is only a figurehead for concentrated authority and powerful social and moral, if not religious, influence, to boot, nevertheless we insist on using the titles of the older world, and many of us worship, unconsciously, those thus titled. E. H. Harriman is not the cold-blooded, selfish, money-monster most of us have painted him in our imagination. He does not spend his time corrupting individuals, violating laws and debauching legislatures. Indeed, he demonstrated himself, not so long ago, as quite as keen a stickler for truth as the grand past patron and president of the Ananias Club, who has just added an elephant, a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros to his bag of female monkeys. Harriman is the greatest creator of the age. What he has done for our own country, his ubiquitous and incessant brain is now doing for the Latin republic to the south of us and for the Orient, too. Harriman has been wise concerning everything and everybody but himself. Now he is learning the essential lesson, the first law of life, the beginning and the end of training of wisdom—that nature cannot forget, though she is almost always ready to forgive, if only one will heed her voice in time, and resolve—whatever happens for the time being, to fortune, family, to stocks and bonds, to city, state or nation—to keep oneself fit.

Santa Barbara, August 24.

R. H. C.

Women Will Live to Regret Incivility

Los Angeles, Aug. 25.—To the Editor: Is it possible that our young women are lacking in appreciation of courtesies extended to them by well-meaning strangers? I am beginning to fear so—at least, I have seen several instances of this during the last month. How often we hear the platitudinous remark that, "Chivalry is a thing of the past," etc. And yet this does not seem so strange, when we consider that chivalry like a delicate plant, must at least have a little of the water of human kindness to keep it alive, if not actually flourishing. The following incident will make clear my meaning:

Yesterday, while undergoing the usual stand-up, strap-hanging ordeal on my way down town, I observed a well-groomed, clean-cut boy rise up, and, with doffed hat, proffer his seat to a young woman whom he had observed standing in the rear of the car, bravely and cleverly dodging the conductor's elbow as he pocketed a fare, while at the same time eluding the pedal extremities of the ponderous person who is so apt to stagger back suddenly when the car starts.

Now, did the young woman accept the courtesy? Why most certainly she did! And did she express thanks for the same? Why, certainly—not! No, not she! With a haughty, almost offensive look, she stepped forward and settled herself comfortably in the seat without deigning to bestow even a smile upon the lad who had chosen to stand in the jostling swaying mass of humanity, rather than see a woman in discomfort.

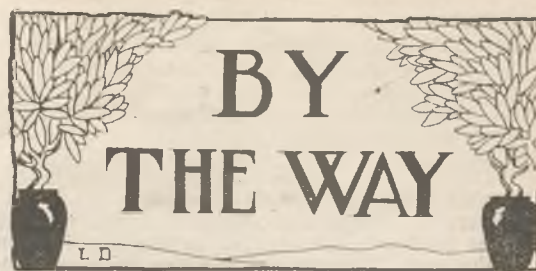
Now, I would like to make a little wager that that young man would think twice before offering a kindness to that particular piece of femininity again; and, really, he couldn't be blamed! This is just one of several instances which I could tell of, and so I don't think this gentle protest will be amiss. A quiet "thank you," or even a pleasant smile of appreciation would do much to keep alive the (alas, too few) sparks of chivalry which have come down to us from the days "when knights were bold."

P. S.—Apropos of street cars, have you ever heard the person who invariably makes the sage remark that "there is always room for one more?"

R. H. C.

Why We Get Ideal Weather

I believe I have discovered the true cause for ideal all-the-year weather in Los Angeles. The weather shark, A. B. Wollaber, first trained in Buffalo, where he secured much mixed experience. He then purchased a boat and paddled about Portland for a few years. He was next transferred to Los Angeles, and W. E. Bonnett of Buffalo now is his chief clerk. The two, having seen all the other kinds of weather they care for, have decided to guarantee themselves personal comfort for all time by operating the United States weather bureau on the medium basis which has been in evidence throughout the long summer. W. B. Fuller, former chief clerk here, has taken the Portland office which Mr. Wollaber formerly occupied, thus completing the circuit.



Back From Ol' Virginia

Back from a leisurely trip with his wife, which included the visiting of various points in Tennessee and "dear old Virginia," W. D. Woolwine, vice-president of the National Bank of California, has a quiver of new stories, particularly of the southern dark variety, that will put Al Barker entirely out of the running. Mr. Woolwine's itinerary included a visit to his birthplace in Virginia, where he saw the only remaining negro once the property of his father. The encounter was most pathetic, and it is certain that he saw no one while away whom he enjoyed meeting more than this good old mammy, who had been his nurse. The welcome he found in the south, proverbially hospitable, could not have been warmer. He showed me a poem that he was treasuring in which, among other superlatives, it is said:

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia;
Nor quite so filled with happy song,
As in Virginia;
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia.

Washington and New York were most enjoyable, and the trip over the Canadian Pacific, including a visit at Banff, beautiful Lake Louise, Vancouver, and quaint old Victoria is a pleasant memory. Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and then, concludes Mr. Woolwine with deep fervor and with scriptural diction, "I say unto you, there is no other place I know of in this world that compares with our matchless and marvelous Los Angeles."

Loyal to His Home City

There is another Los Angeleno who believes that the Southern California metropolis is about the best place ever. I refer to William E. Hampton, now in Paris, from whom Mr. Woolwine received a card the day of his return home. The two have been warm friends for the last twenty years, in which time Mr. Hampton has acquired an independent fortune by his industry. He told his banking friend, five or six years ago, that whenever he reached the stage of a comfortable income he intended to retire from active business and enjoy life. He has kept his word. This is the second trip he has taken abroad in the last two or three years, besides traveling extensively in this country. He is a wise man, is Mr. Hampton. He writes: "I left Los Angeles last February and expect to be there again, thank God, by next Christmas. Am having a good time, but of all the world, give me Los Angeles." There it is, you see! No wonder the city thrives with so many fervent admirers.

Arthur Letts Swells the Chorus

Yet a third expression of the same nature reaches me this week, the last echo coming from Arthur Letts, who writes me from Lake Lucerne: "I am resting here for a few days. For a week we have been hunting for sunshine. We had it here for a day, but now it is rainy and cold. Our hearts long for the California climate; there is nothing equal to it. Friday we move on to Italy to warm up." They all turn with longing eyes to this fairer-than-all-other land, after the novelty of sight-seeing begins to lag.

Willis Booth Strongly Favored

In the event that Willis H. Booth is given the endorsement of the Republican city convention, all his friends hope that he will decide to become an active candidate for the mayoralty in the coming primaries. With Booth in the running, George Alexander will be eliminated as a serious factor. But the active and able president of the Chamber of Commerce and banker is not inclined to turn his hand over to attain the honor, and is not anxious to run. It is insisted that the city Republican convention, called for next month, will be packed in the interest of former Councilman Smith, for whose unhappy head Dr. Walter Lindley's friends are lying in wait. Walter Parker is among those who realize Smith's weakness, and he is reported to have advised the latter to keep out of the contest.

Parker is fond of Smith, and says frankly that had he the mayoralty to dispose of he would let him fill the executive chair. As it is, however, he is far from assured that the former Fifth ward alderman can land at the polls in the December election. There are many others who harbor like suspicions.

Trouble Brewing Over Census Taker

There is a fearful and a brand-new row brewing under the surface in regard to the appointment of the census supervisor for the Seventh congressional district. George Fitch is persona non grata with Representative McLachlan, who appears to have been sidetracked in the selection by Senators Flint and Perkins. McLachlan has scored by having the Fitch appointment hung up in Washington, presumably in favor of his own candidate for the position, Bert Farmer. McLachlan, it is reported, wired Washington that Fitch's indorsements were not genuine, a statement that is pretty certain to invite all sorts of trouble for the member of congress from the Los Angeles district. When this became known, efforts were made to get in touch with Senator Flint, who is with the senate irrigation committee in the northwest, out of reach of the telegraph. This fight for an office may cut a serious figure in the Republican primaries next year.

Back From Their Nightmare Trip

After forty-one days of absence, rather longer than Jonah had in an exclusive compartment inside a whale, the two lads who formed part of the Los Angeles Examiner's round-the-whirled circus, arrived home twelve hours behind the letters they had written announcing their coming. Uncle Sam is a hard man to beat. I am told that Otheman Stevens, who escorted the two Los Angeles boys who sailed from New York, was put on half pay while away, the pleasure, presumably, of running for trains, between sandwich bites, so to speak, supposedly compensating for the reduced stipend. He will probably spend the half he did get in restoring his digestion to normal and in taking a rest cure. As for the small boys, they will be fed on a diet of malted milk and treated for tired nerves for the next fortnight.

"Tom" Woolwine Missed the "Button"

"Tom" Woolwine has been over at Avalon for three weeks, fishing, and has come back to town, with his wife, to take a rest. Early hours out in the boat with a rod and line and no early-to-bed precepts observed account for the "rest" suggestion conveyed. But what I wanted to tell was how Tom failed to win a fisherman's "button." With his usual camaraderie, he made friends with his boatman, so that when he landed an extra large albacore, there seemed every prospect of his being awarded the coveted insignia. Before the fish was laid on the scales, Tom chanced to see his boatman busily ramming sardines down the mouth of his catch.

"Say, what's that for?" he demanded.

"This albacore," explained the man, "has lost a lot of blood, and I'm just making it up, so you won't lose that button."

"Never mind the button," retorted the late city prosecutor, "if I can't win it without stuffing the ballot box, I mean the fish, I'll let it rip." But the boatman meant well. The albacore was only two ounces short of the required weight.

Secretary Buren Talks of His Chief

Frank Buren is home from Washington, several weeks in advance of his chief, California's junior United States senator, whose principal secretary he is. Mr. Buren says that he hopes that never again will it fall to his lot to be in Washington during any part of the warm season, as was the case this year. Buren declares that if ever he has a choice between the land of Gehenna and the national capital, he will gladly take to the former, in the weeks between early June and late in August. "Such heat I never could have imagined," remarked Senator Flint's secretary, discussing the subject this week, "and, the good Lord permitting, I never again expect to be forced to stand it." He added: "While I am not authorized to say it, and know nothing in regard to his future political plans, it would not surprise me if Senator Flint had about decided that the Washington game is not worth the candle," as The Graphic published recently." Continued Buren: "The people of California probably never will realize the importance of the work that has been accomplished by Senator Flint since his election. He has worked overtime, night and day, here as well as in Washington. He has spent a fortune trying to uphold the dignity of the position, and his standing is second to that of none of his colleagues in the senate." It would surprise none of his close friends to learn that he is

tired of it all, and that with the fine record he has made he decides that one six-year term is about all he wants. I know that the senator is anxious to come back here to live permanently and quietly. Senator Flint is at present traveling in the northwest, as a member of the senate committee on irrigation. Later on the party will be in Los Angeles on a tour of inspection of the Yuma and other southwestern governmental projects.

Presidential Entertainment Problems

President Taft's coming visit has caused Willis H. Booth to lose sleep. The head of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is wondering where the funds are coming from that will supply to the nation's chief executive the particular entertainment for which Los Angeles has become famous. The business community has been rather severely taxed for such purposes recently, and an attempt to pass the hat would be, in the estimation of Mr. Booth, an unfair procedure. He has been advised that a proper solution of the problem is to name as the presidential entertainment committee, a score or more of the wealthiest residents of Southern California. Los Angeles harbors a lot of millionaires, who would be glad to serve, and Pasadena, Riverside and Redlands, also, would appreciate a like honor. It is believed that with about fifty such at Mr. Booth's back, ready and willing to finance the entertaining, the difficulty would be solved. It is more than probable that the city council will be asked to approve a contribution to the Taft entertainment fund. In addition, the county may be requested to do likewise. This, with private donations of \$500 each from the forty millionaire members of the committee, should suffice.

Is it Dr. Dowling's Poetry?

Writing to W. D. Woolwine from his Brooklyn home, Rev. George Thomas Dowling, formerly rector of Christ Episcopal church of this city, acknowledges with appreciation the receipt of a book sent to him and adds: "We decided at the last moment to defer our trip abroad for the present, and are starting tomorrow for the Berkshire Hills, thence to Niagara, Toronto, Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay, Montreal, Boston, and the best jewel in the whole crown, New York. Then he drops into poetry, as follows:

Have we friends? Why, of course not. And foes? No indeed; It's rural to fancy there's any such need! Have we purpose? No, and kind Heaven we thank! Have we wealth? Since you ask, not a cent in the bank. Have we learning? Why trouble ourselves with a task; We live in New York, and what more could you ask?

"Them's my sentiments!" concludes Dr. Dowling, but whether "them's" his lines neither Will Woolwine nor deponent hazardeth a guess.

Stephens for Congress

I think I am fairly safe in predicting that the member of congress from Los Angeles, after McLachlan is legislated into what is to become the Pasadena district in 1912, will be Will D. Stephens. The latter's friends in both of the Republican factions appear to be united in his favor, and with McLachlan provided for in another district, it is believed he will be permitted to retain his membership on the river and harbor committee, a position that has been one of his strongest campaign arguments. Will Stephens probably will be first indorsed by the anti-machine forces, and the organization will gladly enough follow suit. He should prove an ideal representative.

It Happened in a Pullman

They were on their way to Santa Barbara. She was a charming widow, exceedingly good to look upon, and making a pretty picture in the staid old Pullman, as she held her winsome little daughter in her arms. He was a California Club bachelor, on his way to Miss Nina Jones' elaborate dinner party at the Potter. Unmindful of the fact that "a little widow is a dangerous thing" he let his eyes stray continually to the seat opposite him. The widow kept her lashes demurely lowered, save when in pursuit of the wee girl, who was making friends with everyone in the car. At last the bachelor used his arts on the child. She was coquettish, but the young man wooed assiduously and she deigned to sit on his knee. After a while she escaped from his arms and whispered in her mother's ear. That charming person gave a startled cry of "No, no, daughter," and attempted to capture the baby. But the little one had capitulated to the bachelor's wiles, and ran back to his arms. In her high treble, which carried the length of the car, she piped out, so that all heard: "Won't you be my daddy?"

Mother, dear, won't care." I am waiting to see whether the hardened young bachelor can resist this tempting offer.

University Club Trampers' Hard Luck

It is safe to predict that the next time a certain clique of eighteen members of the University Club ventures forth on a mountain trip a plentiful supply of knapsacks, mackintoshes and goloshes will be carried along. Two weeks ago a number of brave spirits of the club sallied forth to commune with Mother Nature. Everything was lovely—the sun shone and the birds sang. They explored Forest Home, Mt. Grayback, Dry Lake, Seven Oaks and Bear Valley—even unto the famous Squirrel Inn. Then arose a rain-storm, and for two days the merry wayfarers were wet—but never miserable—specimens of humanity. When it seemed that their troubles were over and Old Sol had decided to shine again, it was discovered that the pack train had failed to make an appearance, in fact, was stalled in a deep and dark marsh six miles from Forest Home. Then bravely volunteered four heroes, R. I. Howe, W. A. Schmidt, F. W. Parker and L. J. Costa, who promptly went to the rescue. This gallant little party struggled through mud and bog for thirty-one hours, subsisting on one lonely piece of hardtack. But their daring won the next day, and back they came to bring food to their anxious companions. The party has returned hale and hearty, each member declaring that he is willing to undergo a few more such adventures. The club men included S. A. Borrows, Judge Noyes, Willoughby Rodman, Dr. A. L. Kelsey, Dr. Sherwood Gibbons, W. A. Schmidt, F. W. Parker, L. J. Costa, W. S. Lysle, R. I. Howe, R. B. Dickinson, Kasson Avery, Sidney Johnson, F. W. Johnson, John North, Everett Sheardson, C. S. Tappaan and Russ Avery.

Charley Seyler Made no Protest

I hear a good story on that suave and apparently heart-free young bachelor, Charles Seyler, Jr., which is too good to keep. A charming young girl also was a party to the laughable occurrence and the best part of the joke is that it is the young woman who tells the story and not the debonaire Charles. The scene of the incident was the lobby of the Orpheum Theater. The young woman, who has only a slight acquaintance with Mr. Seyler, had attended the Spring street playhouse with a girl companion. In the crush of leaving, she grasped her friend's hand and sought to make her way through the throng. For a moment the two were separated, but reaching backward, she recovered the lost hand, which she affectionately squeezed as she continued to edge along to the street. Arrived at the exit, she turned, and, with embarrassment, gazed into the blushing face of Charley Seyler, who, recovering his hand, lifted his hat and disappeared. "But he didn't make a bit of protest all the time I was holding it," adds the young woman in telling the story.

Third Golden Wedding in Bullard Family

Three golden weddings have been celebrated in the Bullard family, of which the latest one is that of Dr. and Mrs. William B. Bullard, whose fiftieth anniversary of marriage was duly observed at the home of their eldest son, Dr. Frank D. Bullard, on West Eighth street, August 14. It was a joyous occasion. The bridegroom, who is 80, was seated beside his bride of 75, and the family gathering was complete with the presence of Dr. Frank Bullard and his wife, Dr. Rose T. Bullard, and their daughter, Helen; Mr. and Mrs. Will L. Bullard of Santa Ana; Charles T. Bullard and his wife, Dr. Margaret M. Bullard of San Francisco; Addison Olmstead and wife, with their two sons, Charles and Clay; Mrs. Talbot, mother of Dr. Rose T. Bullard, and Miss Kittie Barriere. The young-appearing bride and groom were the recipients of numerous gold coins and other valuable tokens in remembrance of the event, and the octogenarian groom proved his youth by dancing a cakewalk with his granddaughter, Helen. Dr. William B. Bullard has been in active practice of medicine more than fifty years, the last twenty-three years in Los Angeles. He may be classed among the veteran physicians of the city. I call attention to this golden wedding because it is the third consecutive one in the family in each of which anniversary Dr. Bullard participated. The first was at that of his grandfather, Jonathan Bullard VI., who lived to enjoy fifty-two years of married life; the second was at his father's golden wedding, Jonathan VII., who had fifty-five years of married felicity. The sixth Jonathan Bullard, by the way, with his three brothers, served in the Revolutionary War, and were all four at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. I do not blame my friend, Dr. Frank T. Bullard, for being

proud of this record of his family. There were seven Jonathans in successive generations, by the way. Dr. William B. Bullard is fond of his profession, and has always kept in close touch with the medical fraternity. He has been made an honorary member of the Penobscot Medical Association of Bangor, Me., with which he formerly affiliated, and has been elected to honorary membership in the Southern California Medical Association and in the Los Angeles Medical Society. Dr. and Mrs. Bullard were married at Foxcroft, Me., August 14, 1859. My compliments to them.

Through Sleepers to Seattle Soon

Soon Los Angeles will have direct train connection with both Portland and Seattle, the Harriman and Hill railway interests having finally concluded a peace pact, with that object in view. At present, passengers from Southern California for the northwest are compelled to lay over in San Francisco the better part of a day before continuing their journey. Recently, the Southern Pacific placed in commission a limited train service out of San Francisco that for comfort is almost ideal. As a result the time to Puget Sound is reduced by seven hours. It used to require nearly four days to make the trip from here to Seattle; when the through connection at San Francisco is installed it will be done in about sixty hours, with no change of cars. It is understood that under the new schedules one or more Pullman drawing room sleepers will be operated directly from Los Angeles. This reminds me that under "Tom" Graham's excellent administration of the traffic department of the Southern Pacific, this side of the Tehachapi, the traveling public has enjoyed splendid service. I wish the operating department kept abreast of the pace he sets. After a train leaves the south end of the Santa Susanna tunnel, for example, and enters the San Fernando valley for the home run, the passenger is annoyed by the clouds of dust raised, due to the condition of the track. I realize that oiling is costly—about fifty dollars a mile, I believe—but the operating department could well afford to oil this valley stretch, if only for the sake of landing passengers in high good humor with the road, thus supplementing Mr. Graham's fine work.

Here's a Suggestion

What to do for the President, is another problem for the entertainment committee to grapple with. A big banquet has been suggested, but there are objections to this, as the limited number seated would necessarily provoke irritation among those not included. Both Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt visited Los Angeles when a fiesta was in progress, hence their entertainment was comparatively easy. I would suggest a reception at the Country Club golf links, after Taft has played a foursome with those golf devotees, Ignacio Mott, George Denis and Fielding J. Stilson.

Record-Breaking Winter Season Likely

Aprópos of railroad travel, John J. Byrne of the Santa Fe, Thomas A. Graham of the Southern Pacific, and "Tom" Peck of the Salt Lake unite in the statement that their advance information at this time is that the coming winter will bring to Southern California more tourists of wealth than have visited here in the history of this section. All of the initial lines maintaining headquarters in Los Angeles keep in close touch with their offices at important eastern points, and their advices are to the effect that the ensuing season will be a record breaker. It is worth noting that the summer travel has been the best to and from Southern California the trans-continental lines ever had.

Mistook the Connection

Secretary A. W. Butler, of the state board of charities of Indiana, and possessor of many civic titles, will have a good story to tell on himself when he returns to Indianapolis. When Mr. Butler was recently elected president of the Prison Association at the convention in Seattle, the relatives whom Mr. Butler is visiting in Los Angeles, were duly elated over the honors. One of the family proudly imparted the fact to a friend, who listened in an uneasy way, casting puzzled and uncomfortable glances at the speaker. At last he could stand it no longer. With a painful blush he stammered out, "Why, I didn't know the government allowed prisoners to form an association!"

"Wise" Ones Say Hung Jury

End of the Broadhead trial should come within a fortnight. More and more I hear talk of a "hung" jury, the wise ones figuring on the personnel of the jury as a basis for their predictions.

BACK FROM HIS EASTERN TRIP

Willis H. Booth Discusses Los Angeles' Needs as Revealed by Recent Developments

MORE THAN ever enthusiastic over the future of Los Angeles, and imbued with the idea that the city must be even more widely advertised than at present, Willis H. Booth, president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, has returned from a five weeks' trip to the east and a conference with President Taft



Willis H. Booth, President Chamber of Commerce

and other officials in Washington. Mr. Booth, who is one of the most energetic of Los Angeles' business and financial men, is closely allied with local industries, both of a municipal and commercial nature, and as president of the Chamber of Commerce, has been one of the chief movers in the harbor project. In reference to the nation's executive and his approaching visit to Los Angeles, Mr. Booth said: "President Taft, in coming to the coast, wants to gain a general idea of the country and of the needs of the various sections. In regard to plans being made for his entertainment, the President expressed a desire that there be no formal demonstration made in his honor. I am rather of the opinion that he would prefer to ride around and view Los Angeles and surrounding cities. However, what we plan to do is to take him down to the harbor and the proposed fortifications that he may realize how necessary it all is, and also that he may appreciate our need of proper protection. We want to impress on him the importance of our work. At the next session of congress Los Angeles will ask the government for financial aid in carrying on the vast project, and we are desirous that President Taft shall personally appreciate our needs and our ambitions."

"One of the principal features of my mission to Washington was to ascertain, if possible, if any influence had been exerted in the removal of Captain Fries. The personal element was immaterial. My endeavor was to learn if his transfer was brought about by undermining interests in regard to the harbor lines, etc. I had a talk with President Taft in reference to the harbor proposition and am satisfied that the removal of Captain Fries was not brought about by outside interests, but was entirely clear from influence and was a regulation transfer on the part of the war department. Mr. Taft stated that the harbor lines had been made when he was secretary of war, and that there was no likelihood nor probability of a change being made."

"In addition to the harbor, in conjunction with Captain Fries, I investigated several months ago the cost of a site for the proposed fortifications, as outlined by the war department. I am satisfied that the grounds cannot be purchased for anything like the \$250,000 which congress has given for the purpose. This was so reported to the war department by Captain Fries. Officers of the army with whom I talked confirmed our fear that little could be accomplished at San

Pedro until an appropriation could be gained from congress sufficient for acquiring the ground. Los Angeles should use every effort and concentrate every endeavor at the next session of congress in getting a larger appropriation—one which will be adequate for the purpose."

"I am satisfied that Los Angeles must continue to increase her publicity in the east, especially in Chicago and also in St. Paul. The influence of the railroads that are making the greatest efforts in the east, is directed toward new areas in the northwest section of the United States, from the Dakotas west. The railroad interests in the east are doing relatively little for the promotion of Los Angeles. It is therefore necessary that we take up our own battle and in co-operation with the Santa Fe and the other railroads, as far as possible, begin a wider-reaching and even greater campaign in exploitation of Los Angeles and surrounding cities."

"From Washington I went to Atlantic City, where the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is maintaining a permanent exhibit. The venture is meeting with much success and is attracting a considerable attention. As an advertising medium for Los Angeles, it has proved a gratifying factor, and I am convinced that we should establish permanent exhibits in other cities also, particularly in Chicago and in New York."

"I am more than satisfied with the result of the efforts of the newspapers and the Chamber of Commerce to call attention to Los Angeles as a summer as well as a winter resort. We have been slow ourselves in realizing what a superb summer climate we have. All through the east I met people who are planning their next summer vacations this way. Tourists passing through Los Angeles, both going to and coming from the Seattle exposition, will help us much in advertising our ideal summer climate on account of the cool season they have enjoyed while here. We had fine weather here during Elks' week, and that will prove of untold value to the city."

"Everywhere I met people who had returned from Los Angeles this summer, and all were enthusiastic about the ideally cool weather they had found. We should provide a large advertising fund and should use space in the important weekly journals in the east, and spread the doctrine of Los Angeles as the ideal spot to visit every month in the twelve."

Lethe

I have forgotten the scent of the rose that lurked in the dusky lane,
The song of the bird in the whimpering reeds, the call of the summer rain;
I have forgotten the whispering corn that mocked at the wanton breeze,
The smell of the earth and the blossoming things, the arch of the green-robed trees.

I have forgotten the story you told, that night in the twilight glow,
The first timid kiss that I yielded you there that night of the long ago;
I have forgotten the light in your eyes, your hand on my burning cheek,
The throb of your heart and the thrill of your voice, the words that you scarce could speak.

I have forgotten the song of the sea, the toll of the old church bell,
That rang through the dusk of the midsummer eve and gathered us in its spell;
I have forgotten the castle we built, the castle beyond recall,
The vows that were spoken, the hearts that were broken—I have forgotten all.

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



Just two years ago, from that true poet, John Myers O'Hara, came an admirable rendition into English of the poems of Sappho, which elicited from discerning critics the country over the highest praise. With rare poetic feeling Mr. O'Hara had become infused with the atmosphere of ancient Lesbos, which by subtle artistry he transmitted into his exquisite little volume of Sapphic verse, until one found on every page reminders of that wonderful singer who ravished all hearts and intoxicated all minds with her colorful odes six hundred years before the Christian era began. Of his Sapphic poems only one hundred numbered copies were printed and now, after an interval of two years, Mr. O'Hara puts forth in a similar limited edition, an equally alluring volume of poetry which he happily calls "Songs of the Open." It is interesting to note that the initial poem, "Atavism," originally published in The Bookman, in 1902, was so keenly appreciated by Jack London that he headed his first chapter of "The Call of the Wild" with the opening stanza, reading:

Old longings nomadic leap,
Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
Wakens the ferine strain.

Writing from Sidney, Australia, under date of March 7, 1909, Jack London forwarded to the poet, whose "Atavism" so peculiarly sounded the motif of the Alaskan classic, a copy of his stirring story and inscribed on the fly leaf of the book was the following:

Dear O'Hara:—Here is my desk copy of "The Call of the Wild." It cruised with "The Shark" for two years all over the South Seas. And now, in sickness, I am saying farewell to that wonderful cruise, and sad at heart, I depart for my own land in the hope of getting well. Your four lines head this yarn. They epitomize what I have written in two hundred and fifty pages. I found your lines in the sea of fugitive newspaper verse, and never dreamed at the time to call their author "friend." Affectionately,
JACK LONDON.

Eminently fitting is the atavistic poem at the beginning of these "Songs of the Open," the reading of which proves how closely in touch the poet is with the variant moods of nature. There is a tense, almost brutal, briefness in the short meter that suggests a straining at the leash, the longing of a rebellious soul to be freed of its shackles. Note the insistent tugging of the lines:

After the torpor of will,
Morbid with inner strife,
Welcome the animal thrill,
Lending a zest to life.
Banish the volumes revered,
Sever from centuries dead;
Ceilings the lamp flicker cheered
Barter for stars instead.
Temple thy dreams with the trees,
Nature thy god alone;
Worship the sun and the breeze,
Altars where none atone.
Voices of solitude call,
Whisper of sedge and stream;
Loosen the fetters that gall,
Back to the primal scheme.

No wonder that Jack London was attracted by this recognition of the barbaric instinct in man, this appeal to give it sway.

In "The Old Lure" one catches the intoxicating scent of newly-turned earth, sees the black furrows roll back from the plow, and hears the insolently assertive whistle of the optimistic robin until one sings with the poet:

My veins lethargic feel the mounting fire;
I yearn to flee the anguish-haunted walls,
Surrender duty to the old desire,
And answer where the mighty open calls.

In a gentler, dreamier vein is "Reverry," which treats of fair landscapes, velvety slopes and vagrant breezes. It is, to our notion, the most finished poem in the collection, and is of haunting sweetness. It is regretted that space limitations allow of the quotation of only four of the sixteen alluring stanzas:

With jocund notes the redwing gloats
On pristine life's unsated boon;
The glad trees bend and toss the wind
Estatic snatches of the tune.
Swift shadows pass across the grass,
And fade where sky and meadow meet;

A row of scarlet poppies show
When zephyrs rift the ripened wheat.
The wild flowers ride the drowsy tide,
Like galleons on sunny seas,
That yield the gold their bosoms hold
To tiny buccaneers, the bees.

And as I lie and dreaming sigh
Upon this velvet slope supine,
A strange delight seems mounting quite
From mother earth's old breast to mine.

There is a tendency to the employment of archaic terms in the expressing of his muse, but instead of carping at this predilection, we are inclined to approve the practice as savoring of the elemental to which the poet's thoughts are turned. Mr. O'Hara has a choice vocabulary and a courage of his convictions that the discriminating cannot fail to admire and commend. His strokes are bold and his canvas is large. He paints mighty pictures with a few masterly sweeps merely suggesting what the poet sees, and leaving the reader to riot in the imagination that his art has invoked. In the "Dusk of the Wild" is a typical example of his subtle talent in this regard:

Desolate lands of elemental fear,
Vague in the dusk of winter, widen drear;
Blanched with the ravage of the primal throe,
And the white anguish of unending snow;
Void of the life that roams, and overblown
By the fierce tempests of the frozen zone;
Grey wastes, of mood inscrutable, that bear
Dusk as a rim of doom around the air;
Under the circle of the waning light,
Morose with menace of impending night.

Quite as vivid a bit of word painting is "The Boreal Sea," which in Homeric hexameter describes how—

Turbid and tossing their spray far as the low
horizon,
Thunder with sullen wrath waves that unceasing
break.

His "Night in the Woods" is a wonderful effect in concentration. It must not be ruined by mutilation:

The trees brood rigid and stark
Grey wolves in the brushwood bark;
A blast from the clearing sprays
The snow in powdery haze.

The resinous pine boughs crack;
A wild-cat doubles its track,
Slinks cowed from the campfire's flare
O'er crusted slopes to its lair.

The reach of the timber line
Auroral flashes define;
And edged with a dagger light
The pole-star pierces the night.

"Chase of the Moose," "The Blizzard," "The Frozen Creek," and "An Aboriginal" are four haunting poems of primeval outdoors that add materially to the charm of Mr. O'Hara's compelling muse. Here is a picture flashed against the background of a fading sky. Appropriately, it is labeled "Silhouette:"

Lined dark against the slinking disk of red,
One lonely tree
Lifts its lone boughs in bare obliquity;
Sad hermit whose arms despairing spread
And agonize
In dumb appeal to the responseless skies;
Old twisted fingers of fair seasons fled
Pointing in air
Worn palms that plead in long unanswered prayer.

Whether in describing the illimitable plains or dwelling on the brooding silence of the ancient wood, Mr. O'Hara is equally felicitous in his phrasing and in close accord with his subject. The fragrance of the pines causes him to pause, enchanted, and sniff with delight; the eternal hills invite his inspection, whose majestic peaks "pierce bold into the gold" of a sunset. Dawn inspires his muse to a hymn of praise; the burning zone and the sorcery of the sea cry out to him and he falls under the spell of the bayou moon until his soul abides

Absolute are where the far
Transfused and one with the true
Eternal blue.

It is a decade and a half since Mr. O'Hara's incipient muse was unfolded to the present reviewer. Though the finish now apparent was lacking in the earlier offerings, the purity of style was there, and the lofty strivings were easily discernible. With Vaughn Moody and Bliss Carmen and Professor Roberts, Mr. O'Hara has won the right to be included by his poetic gifts, which reveal a depth of feeling, a profundity of thought and a fertility of expression that bespeak the true interpreter. The present collection indicates rare judgment in selection. We dare hope the author of "Songs of the Open" will be chary of adding to these virile children of his brain until thoroughly convinced of their right to such company.

The Calling of Dan Matthews

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

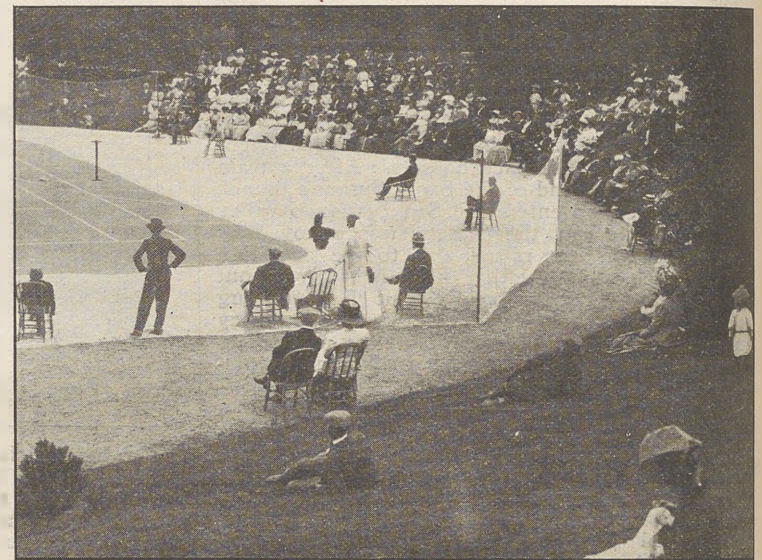
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HOTELS, RESORTS, AND CAFES MONTH OF SPORTS AT DEL MONTE



May Sutton and Miss Elizabeth Ryan Pitted Against Mrs. Niemeyer and Miss Ida Mearns at Del Monte.

Twenty-second annual tournament for the Lawn Tennis Championships of the Pacific States will begin on the bitumenized match courts of the Hotel Del Monte, Monday, September 6, and will be completed Wednesday, September 15. Write for reservations to

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AMERICAN PLAN

MODERATE RATES

CARL STANLEY

MANAGER

There must be no retrograde movement with so promising a singer. ("Songs of the Open." By John Myers O'Hara. Smith and Sale, Portland, Me.)
S. T. C.

Magazines for September

Lippincott's for September has for its novelette a delightfully diverting story, "A Bride for Casey," by Ella Middleton Tybout. Day Allen Willey contributes to the number a special article entitled "A Patchwork Quilt of Humanity." Among the fiction stories are "What Happened to Father," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Aunt Dinah," by George Allan England; "A Question of Honor," by Horner Cotes; "The Shadow of Molly Kinshela," by Josephine Von Tassel Bruerton; "Between Trains," by Thomas L. Masson; "The Death Sentence," by Caroline Ticknor; and "An Unwilling Intrusion," by Percy Wilson.

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Never has there been a season when so many well-known musicians have passed a part of their vacation in Los Angeles. In the last week Daniel Protheroe, whose compositions have been on many Ellis and Orpheus Club, and, possibly, Lyric Club programs of recent seasons, has been a visitor. Mrs. Ben Lathrop, the soprano, has been here several months, working quietly, and left for Paris and Germany this week, but will return to her concert field in and around New York City late in the season. Mrs. Hanna Butler, another beautiful singer, with headquarters in Chicago, will remain until early in September. The rumor is current that Mr. Kruger, the well-known pianist, may remain throughout the winter. Mr. Hubbard, the influential critic of Chicago and a singing teacher of prominence, was here for a time, but is in Japan by this time.

Eugene Nowland, the violinist and president of the American Music Society, will go to New York City Monday.

Another Los Angeles girl is being heard from. Kathleen Lockhart, a former piano pupil of Mrs. Harry Eichelberger, voice pupil of Miss Blanche Ruby, and student in composition of Frederick Stevenson, is in Paris, where eminent critics prophesy for her a great career as a singer. Her songs and piano playing were also of unusually high order, but as the call to the singer is more extensive, a great singer Kathleen will doubtless be.

Few persons in Los Angeles know that right here in this city, across the river in their own factory, pipe organs that are taking first rank all over this country are being built. Most of the large organs contracted for by large churches in Los Angeles and in the northern part of the state, as well as big organs for millionaire senators, are being built by the Murray Harris Organ Company. It is well worth a visit, for every phase of organ construction is visible.

Time has nearly expired for the submitting of opera manuscripts to the Metropolitan Opera Company for the best opera composed by an American. The prize offered is \$10,000 and there is still a few weeks remaining—to September 15.

Arthur Hartmann, the violinist, has written an Hungarian rhapsody, "Eljen," or, in German, "Hoch," which was given its first hearing by the Pittsburgh Festival Orchestra last week. Mr. Hartmann conducted the work, and it was well spoken of.

Frederick Gunster, well known in Los Angeles, is rapidly taking a leading place as a singer in the east with headquarters in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hosea have returned to Cincinnati, after a year and a half in Italy, studying. Mr. Hosea is teaching and Mrs. Hosea will have a concert career.

Dudley Buck, after hearing "William Tell" in Paris, recently, said, "I shall follow the example of the illustrious Rossini. I have done my best work and have stopped composing." After a stay of four years in Europe, this popular American composer has returned to his native land.

Word comes from Berlin that the lucrative field of light opera writing, which has until now been almost wholly monopolized by men, is to be invaded by a woman. Considerable interest has been aroused in European musical circles by the announcement that Mrs. Amelie Nikisch, wife of Arthur Nikisch, the well-known conductor, is completing an operetta, of which she has written both the words and music, says the Christian Science Monitor.

The plot is taken from a story by a German novelist, but the verse and dialogue are the work of Frau Nikisch. Those who have heard the music say that it is melodious and written in the simple, true Viennese operetta style which proved so enormously popular and successful in the case of "The Merry Widow" and "The Waltz Dream." The premiere will take place at the Neues Operetten Theater in Berlin next season under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, who, on this occasion, will find himself conducting a light opera performance for the first time. The piece, which occupies an entire evening, bears the name, "My Aunt and Yours."

In the Flonzaley Quartet, Los Angeles and vicinity will hear the most perfect string quartet organization in existence. This is my modest opinion, and the European and eastern critics have awarded it the highest encomiums for several seasons. After two months of unbroken practice, the quartet is making a short tour in Switzerland and Germany, three in Berlin, one in Leipzig and other musical centers, and will come to America in December.

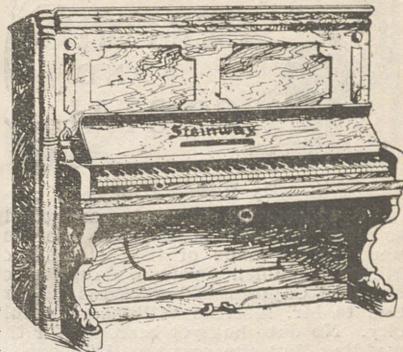
This is not Mrs. Nikisch's first experience in opera writing, for several years ago a Christmas operetta of hers was given with great success at Hamburg and Leipzig. It was the good fortune of the writer to accompany for a voice pupil of Mrs. Nikisch's for several months, and it was evident then that a composition work of importance was in process, for manuscripts were about and smiles were abundant when questions were ventured. This talented woman is a truly great musician, who has quietly led her life in the reflection of her husband's greatness. Now, her four children are growing up and she is devoting her time to teaching and composition, and the name of Mrs. Arthur Nikisch is becoming famous for her own sake as well as for her husband's.

The advance guard of homeward-bound musicians is arriving from Europe with every steamer these days notes the Musical Courier. These returned tourists agree that it feels good once more to be able to enjoy civilized bath facilities, tipless tramway rides, liberal restaurant service, first-class laundries, common sense shopkeepers, luxurious railroads, news newspapers, roof gardens, sybaritic barber shops, comfortable theaters, social independence, green corn, watermelon, and the best pianos in the world. All these jumbled joys may not be so important as a summer operatic festival, a Derby, a Grand Prix, a Marathon through myriads of museums, a climb to the top of an Alpine peak, or a slide to the bottom of a glacier—but they count, my masters, they count just the same.

The composer of "Fedora" (given recently in this city by the International Opera Company), Giordano, upon the advice of Verdi, is writing a new opera based upon "Mme. Sans-Gene," Sardou's comedy. A leading role will be Napoleon, baritone. Giordano is an ultra-modern composer, and without a rival as a master of stage situation, according to good authority. His "Andrea Chenier" is a tremendously effective opera, and with Destinn and Caruso in the important roles, as it has been given in London, it is surprising New York does not add it to the list of novelties.

That Englishman who has promised \$1,500,000 for the endowment of English national opera is Joseph Beecham, of "Beecham's Pills" fame. He is the father of Thomas Beecham, who will bring his New Symphony Orchestra over to America next season. The Beechams are among the most distinguished patrons of the arts. Joseph Beecham, who inherited the famous "Beecham Pill" factories from his father, is the owner of a large and valuable collection of pictures. He also shows the keenest interest in musical affairs, and is a very able organizer, declares Musical America. His distinguished son, Thomas, has identified himself closely with London musical life as a conductor of great ability and founder of the orchestra that bears his name, the same which comes to America next spring for a five weeks' tour. During his work in London, he has shown the greatest interest in the new school of English composers, and has introduced much of their best work to the London public.

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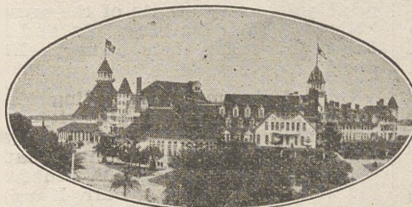
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By Ruth Burke

Of widespread interest, particularly to Los Angeles society, is the announcement made of the betrothal of Miss Gwendolen Overton, daughter of the late Captain Gilbert Edwin Overton, to Mr. Melville Wilkinson of this city. No date has yet been set for the wedding, but the event will be one of much social interest. Miss Overton, who is one of a distinguished family, has won for herself an enviable name in the world of literature, having written several admirable novels which have taken a leading place among the popular sellers, and also is a much-sought-after contributor to the best of the magazines. Several years ago Miss Overton rather deserted society in order to devote her time and talents to literary pursuits, and her efforts from the first were attended by marked success. Mr. Eugene Overton, brother of the bride-elect, is a well-known attorney of this city, whose marriage two years ago to Miss Georgia Caswell was a society event of much note. He is widely known as a tennis champion and as an enthusiastic yachtsman. Miss Overton's father, the late Captain Overton, won distinction as an officer, having been twice brevetted for bravery. Mr. Melville Wilkinson, the betrothed of Miss Overton, is a son of the late Major Melville Wilkinson, and is attached to the United States engineers, and at present is stationed at Fort Rosecrans.

Mrs. Hamilton B. Rollins of West Adams street is entertaining her cousin, Miss Margaret Rollins, and Mr. Sidney Rollins of Columbia, Mo., who are lingering in Los Angeles en route to their eastern home, after a visit to Vancouver, Seattle and other northern points. Miss Rollins, with her brother, arrived Thursday and plans to make a short visit here. She is a charming young girl, widely traveled, both abroad and in the United States, and is one of the most popular society buds of her home city. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Rollins entertained with an informal but handsomely appointed tea in compliment to the visiting young woman. Guests included about thirty or forty of the younger society matrons and maids.

As a surprise even to their closest friends and of interest to a wide circle of friends was the marriage this week of Mrs. Martha T. Muir and Mr. Alonzo B. Cass. The ceremony took place at the home of Dr. Hugh K. Walker, who officiated, and immediately following the service Mr. and Mrs. Cass left for a brief trip to Europe. Upon their return they will be at home at 438 West Twenty-third street. Mr. Cass has been prominently identified with business life in Los Angeles and is now president of the Home Telephone Company, vice-president of the Cass-Smurr-Damerel Hardware Company and a director of the Central National Bank. For several years he has been first vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was formerly president of the chamber of commerce and in club life is affiliated with the California, the Jonathan and the Sunset clubs; is a past potentate of Al Malaikah temple, Mystic Shrine, and was the first president of the Municipal League. Mrs. Cass is a daughter of the late Judge J. Q. Tufts, and was a sister of Mr. Cass' first wife, who died several years ago.

Los Angeles soon is to welcome the return of Miss Mildred Bell Anderson, a local girl who has scored a remarkable success on the operatic stage in Europe. Miss Anderson, who is known on the stage as Miss Bell Angeles, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Anderson of South Union avenue, and received her earlier education in the local schools. At that time she had a noticeably beautiful voice, and three years ago she went to New York to study with Madame Delia Micucci Valeri. While there Allesandro Bonci became interested in her voice and dramatic ability, and she studied several operas under him. After a year abroad, Miss Anderson has won many coveted

honors and a brilliant prophesy is made for her future. Her recent engagement in Verona and Adria, singing "Don Pasquale," "Bartiere di Siviglia," "Maestro di Cappella," Ballo in "Maschera," etc., brought her the highest praise from the Italian press. Between her winter and summer engagements, Miss Anderson, with her mother, passed a few weeks in Milan, where she was offered an engagement by a manager from Bucharest, Roumania and Constantinople, to sing in the royal theaters of those cities. Miss Anderson, however, refused this offer because of the political disturbance in the latter city.

Of particular interest to the members of the younger exclusive set of Los Angeles is the announcement made of the betrothal of Miss Margaretta Park, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Park of "Karlsruhe," Montecito, to Mr. William Frew of Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Park, who is a popular bud of northern society circles, has visited frequently in this city with her cousin, Mrs. William Hamilton Toaz, formerly Miss Edith Herron, and was maid of honor at the marriage of the latter in July last, to Lieutenant Toaz. In Los Angeles, Miss Park made many friends and it was hoped she would be tempted to remain here permanently. Mr. Frew is the son of Mr. W. N. Frew of Pittsburg, one of the prominent attorneys of that city, and is himself a lawyer. Date for the wedding has not been set, but the ceremony will be one of the principal society events of the autumn. Following their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Frew will make their home in Pittsburg.

One of the most interesting bits of society news of recent publicity is the announcement made of the engagement of Miss Virginia Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson of 345 Westlake avenue, to Mr. Harold S. Cook, a young business man of this city. Miss Johnson and her betrothed are both well known in the exclusive younger set of Los Angeles and Pasadena. The young bride-elect is a graduate of Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C., and since completing her studies has been exceedingly popular in local society circles. Mr. Cook is one of the prominent young bachelors and clubmen of this city, and has a host of friends here. Date for the wedding has not been set as yet, but it probably will be one of the important events of the early winter season.

Many Pasadenans and Los Angeles folk were interested in the recent marriage in Stockton of Mr. Frank C. Bolt, president of the San Gabriel Valley Bank of Pasadena, to Miss Clara O'Brien. The marriage was celebrated at a simple service in the Central church Thursday evening of last week. After a honeymoon of a month or so Mr. Bolt will bring his bride to Pasadena, where they will make their future home. Mr. Bolt, who has been a widower for several years, is one of the best known bankers and business men of the Crown City. His daughters, Mrs. J. W. Hugas and Miss Marjorie Bolt, are popular in the society circles of Pasadena and Los Angeles.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, with their daughter and nurse, who have been occupying their summer home at Monterey all summer, plan to delay their return to the city until the last of September. Dr. Cochran has been passing the week-ends with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lyman of 2429 Juliet street are home again from a delightful trip abroad. They were accompanied to Europe by Mrs. Lyman's mother, Mrs. E. A. Wheeler, of this city, and the three passed five months in a tour of Italy, Switzerland, France and England.

Among the prominent Los Angeles folk who registered at Del Monte the week ending August 22 were Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham, ex-Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage and two daughters, Mr. Edward R. Brainerd, Jr., Mr. I. Joseph, Mrs. G. C. Miller, Mrs. H. P. Ogden, Miss E. M. Ogden, Mrs. J. D. Prosser, Mr. Sheldon Borden, Miss Juliet R. Borden, Mr. W. S. Walsh, Miss Crimmins, Miss Molly Dillon, Mr. Harry S. Roob, Mr. J. W. Brooks, Mr. L. H. Dessery and Mr. C. L. Barker. From Pasadena there were Mrs. B. B. Bush, Miss Beatrice Bush,



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In compliment to her sister-in-law, Miss Cynthia Fay, whose engagement to Mr. Lucien J. Clarke was announced earlier in the summer, Mrs. G. Hamilton Fay of 614 South Bonnie Brae street entertained Thursday afternoon with an informal party. A number of other delightful pre-nuptial affairs have been given for Miss Fay recently. Date for the wedding has been set for September 7, and the ceremony will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Fay, of 1298 Orange street, only relatives and intimate friends being invited.

Mrs. W. J. Chichester and daughter, Miss Katherine Chichester, Mrs. Bush and daughter, Miss Bertha Bosbyshell, Miss Kathleen Spence and Miss Edith Furrey of this city, who have been enjoying a five months' trip abroad, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Cecelia White, will remain in Europe a few weeks longer, and will tour Scotland and Ireland. They plan to sail from Queenstown, September 9.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz leave today on a visit to the Yukon-Alaska exposition at Seattle. They will visit other points of interest in the northwest and will be absent two or three weeks.

Miss Gertrude Workman, daughter of former Mayor and Mrs. W. H. Workman of Boyle avenue, will leave Monday to enter Stanford University. Mr. Workman will motor to San Francisco with his family, who will remain at Palo Alto for a few days before Miss Workman takes up her studies.

Prominent among the Los Angeles visitors is Mrs. Robert Payne Oppenheimer of Knoxville, Tenn., who, with her little daughter, Lillian, is a guest at the home of her father, Dr. Henderson Hayward on Wilshire boulevard. Dr. and Mrs. Hayward and daughter, Julia, with Mrs. Oppenheimer and Miss Lillian are enjoying a sojourn of indefinite length at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Fay and two sons, who have been enjoying an outing trip in the pine forests near Portland, where Mr. Fay has large lumber interests, registered this week at the Rainey in Santa Barbara.

Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, has become well established as a center of social activity, luncheons, banquets, moonlight excursions and dances, contributing to the pleasure of young and old. Friday night of last week the ministers of the Christian church, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, enjoyed a banquet tendered them by the local brethren. Saturday evening the Ministerial Association of Los Angeles met at the Virginia for its annual banquet. Monday night the world of commerce was represented by a

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Miss Amy Hellman, daughter of Mrs. H. W. Hellman, who, with other members of the family, is at Hotel Virginia for the season, entertained Wednesday with a candy pull. Among her guests were Miss Blanche Son, Mrs. Dinkelspiel, Miss Dinkelspiel, Mr. and Mrs. Marco Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Lois M. Cole, Dr. W. Herman Jones, Mrs. William Germs, Jr., Mrs. John Grosse, Miss Irene and Miss Florence Grosse. Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Marco Hellman had as dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. James W. Hellman.

Mrs. Frank Flint, wife of Senator Flint; Miss Katherine Flint and Mr. William Flint, who have been enjoying a short sojourn at Balboa Beach, have returned to the city and retaken possession of their home on Pasadena avenue. Miss Nathalie Cole, daughter of Mr. Nathan Cole, who has been a house guest of Miss Flint, returned to her home last Sunday.

Miss Minerva E. Bussenius of this city left the first of the week to join a house party at McCloud, Siskiyou county, which Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is entertaining at her palatial gothic castle on the McCloud river. Mrs. Hearst's guests include Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dodge of Mount Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hooe of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Clarke and children of New York, Mrs. Rockwell of San Francisco, Mrs. C. F. Lummis, Miss Turbese and Keith Lummis of Los Angeles.

After a week's sojourn at the Hotel Virginia, Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman returned to town yesterday. They leave today for Tahoe Tavern.

Mrs. George A. Caswell of West Twenty-third street is visiting in Japan. Her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Overton of West Twenty-third street, has been the house guest this week of Mrs. Robert Farquhar at Miramar, Santa Monica.

Miss Elizabeth Benton Fremont of this city, daughter of General John C. Fremont, has been visiting at Catalina as the guest of Mrs. Charles M. Richardson.

Special interest has been taken in the recent marriage in San Francisco of Miss Ethel Egerton Coope and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon, the well-known tenor and Bohemian Club member. The ceremony took place Saturday, August 14, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Bertha Coope, on Leavenworth street. The ceremony was marked by its extreme simplicity and was witnessed only by relatives and a few friends. There were no attendants. After a brief honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon will make their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Raymond S. Masson of Prescott, Ariz., with her little daughter, Elizabeth, are house guests of Mrs. Masson's sisters-in-law, Mrs. J. B. Carpenter and Miss Kalma Masson, of 2338 West Twentieth street.

Dr. W. E. Waddell will leave Los Angeles September 12 for Europe, where he will attend clinic at Vienna for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Groenendyke have returned to their Pasadena home after a month's outing, which they passed at Del Monte and at Catalina Island.

Los Angeles arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending August 23 include Mr. F. H. Knapp, Mr. Harry B. Kay, Mrs. J. Alfred Barnard, Mr. William A. Sloan, Miss Georgia Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Brundage, Miss Kathryn Fletcher, Dr. Alice B. Brill, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stanton, Miss Alice Stanton, Miss Lillian Stanton, Mr. Ray Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Henry Thompson, Miss Jessie Gemville, Mr. E. Gove, Mr. A. L. Havens, Mr. M. C. McDougall, Mr. Henry E. Sherer, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and children, Miss Alice Chambers, Miss Blanche E. Probst, Mr. P. C. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Draw, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kilner, Mr. Martin Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. John Graves, Miss Hazel Probst, Miss Olive Taylor, Miss Nan Taylor, Mrs. S. S. Spier, Miss Nellie Spier, Mrs. I. Norton, Miss Flora Norton, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Kornblum, Mr. C. L. Bundy, Miss Mary S. Wilson, Mrs. W. S.

Young, Arthur N. Young, Paul T. Young, Walter S. Young, John P. Young, Sarah A. Young, William S. Young, Mr. Benjamin O'Hara, Mr. E. J. Kinkaid, Miss Esther Newlin, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kornblum, Mrs. Seward, Mr. C. R. Cousins, Mr. Eberly, Mrs. L. Pinney, Miss Thelma McKenzie, Mr. William H. Bradley, Mr. E. P. Conway, Mr. A. A. Polhemus, Mr. J. E. M. Finehout, Mr. H. E. Farman, Mrs. C. E. Ussher, Miss Irma Ussher, Miss Edris Ussher, Mr. C. Henry Thompson, Mr. J. T. Holbert, Mr. Hauser, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Elliott and son, Mr. Jesse Gammill, Mr. H. D. Poulin, Miss Emma L. Chipman, Mr. Will E. Keller, Miss Minnie Montague, Mr. J. R. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Klepdike, Miss Eullie B. Rollins and Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wilson.

Mrs. William J. Gracey and her small son, Master Lawrence Burke Gracey, who have been visiting in Los Angeles with friends for a part of the summer season, left last evening for Prescott, Ariz., where they will join Mr. Gracey, who is at present located there as secretary of the Arizona Power Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Opp, Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Maranville and Mr. C. A. Gates of this city motored to Long Beach and were week-end guests at Hotel Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wilson and daughters, Miss Lois and Miss Cora Wilson, have returned from a several months' tour of Europe and Canada. They are at Venice for the remainder of the summer season.

Among the popular Los Angeles folk who have been at Lake Tahoe of late are Mrs. Charles Silent, her daughter, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Olivia Newman and Miss Elizabeth Spere. Miss Cora Auten of Pasadena also has been a guest at the Tavern, enjoying horseback trips into the surrounding mountains. Mrs. Silent and Miss Silent have gone now to Glen Alpine, where they plan to remain until in October.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pryor of San Francisco, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Runyon of Pasadena, toured to Del Monte recently in a Franklin car.

Hotel Virginia was the scene of an animated bridge party Tuesday evening, honors at the close of the contest being about evenly divided between Miss Helen Son and Colonel Drake.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, with Mrs. Lauraine Harding and Mrs. McFarland's sister, Miss Buckley, were week-end guests at Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island.

Mrs. M. A. Lewis and daughter of this city are passing a month at the Tavern, Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Allison Barlow and daughter, Miss Maybelle Barlow are at the Tavern, Lake Tahoe, for a fortnight.

Mr. Chester B. Neiswender, a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Neiswender of 676 South Bonnie Brae street, left recently for Golden, Colo., to complete his course in civil and mining engineering in the Colorado State University. His brother, Mr. Leland Neiswender, has gone to Berkeley to continue his studies at the State University.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fairchild are passing a week or more at the Hotel Virginia. Among other guests at the Hotel Virginia last Sunday were Mr. J. C. Drake, Major John H. Norton, General M. H. Sherman, Mrs. H. W. Hellman and family and Mr. and Mrs. Bettner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Leavitt of Westlake avenue, accompanied by Mrs. Leavitt's sister, Miss Kate Parson, who has been their house guest, left Wednesday for a six weeks' visit in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bronson have purchased the Posey house on West Twenty-third street and moved into their new home this week.

Miss Nellie Davies, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Davies of South Burlington avenue, whose marriage to Mr. Jerome Van Zandt of Madison, Wis., is to be celebrated September 1, has been the recipient of much social attention the last fortnight. Among those who have entertained recently for Miss Davies are Mrs. Alvin Percival of West Twenty-ninth street; Miss Mabel

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Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Edwards of 235 South Olive street are again at home after a pleasant trip to Portland, Seattle and other of the northern cities.

Monday, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Guthridge, Mr. John Montgomery, Mrs. John Montgomery, Jr., Miss M. A. Montgomery, Mr. J. M. Montgomery and Mr. Hugh Montgomery formed a motor party that took dinner at the Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Clark of Van Buren place left recently for a two months' outing at Del Monte and Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter V. Pomeroy of Menlo avenue are taking a six weeks' trip to the north, visiting San Francisco, Tacoma, Vancouver, Seattle and Portland.

Mrs. John T. Jones of Portland street has been a guest at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, for the last few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Howard Barnes of Pasadena are at Hotel Virginia for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Evans and daughter of Shelbyville, Tenn., together with Miss Margaret Truson of Chattanooga, Tenn., are passing a few weeks at the Virginia, after an extended tour of the Pacific coast.

Mr. Earl Mueller of this city has joined his brother, Mr. Oscar Mueller, and family at Lake Tahoe for a short sojourn.

Mr. A. F. M. Strong, Miss A. B. Strong and Miss Hattie Strong are among the well-known Los Angeles who are enjoying an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Loomis of 1412 South Bonnie Brae street and Mrs. W. S. Riggins of 412 East Sixteenth street have returned from a three weeks' outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuman Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Wolder of Los Angeles; Mrs. M. A. Lipman and Miss Florence Lipman of St. Louis, Mo., were dinner guests recently of Mrs. O. A. Field at Hotel Virginia.

Mrs. H. W. Adams, Mrs. Percy W. Post of Los Angeles and Mrs. Alfred of Fremont, Ohio, were members of a motor party that had luncheon at the Virginia, Wednesday.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Bosbyshell of Adams street and Orchard avenue on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Bosbyshell formerly was Miss Huston Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus B. Lewis and chauffeur of this city motored to Del Monte last Saturday in a White Steamer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Brown of 660 South Bonnie Brae street with their daughters, Misses Ethelyn and Hazel Brown, are visiting in Ocean Park for a month. Friday evening Miss Ethelyn Brown entertained with a box party at the Horseshoe pavilion, her guests including Los Angeles friends.

With their guest, Miss Mary Sutter

(Continued on page 15)

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Charles M. Thomas, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Charles M. Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at Room 611, Los Angeles Trust Building, corner of Second and Spring streets, in the City of Los Angeles, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 27th day of March, A. D. 1909.
First publication, August 14, 1909.
L. H. NOLTE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles M. Thomas, Deceased.
W. W. BUTLER,
Atty. for Administrator.



As "Pierre of the Plains," the attraction at the Belasco Theater this week, Richard Bennett is giving a character study, the artistic equal of which rarely has been seen on the Los Angeles stage. The most natural comparison to be recalled is that masterly presentation of Joe Portugais by Theodore Roberts in "The Right of Way," which was played at the Mason Opera House last March. But, whereas, Roberts' Portugais was a deep-chested, blustering individual of erratic propensities, his same creator, Gilbert Parker, has depicted the half-breed, Pierre, as a careless, soft-voiced scamp, whose hopeless love for the comely daughter

the present portrayal. This is not to say that it is weak or unnatural; on the contrary, having conceived the character, Mr. Bennett never deviates from the path chosen and, throughout, is consistent. It is a lovable Pierre, in spite of his gamster's tricks, his irresponsible ways, his superstitious regard for the fate that is revealed to him by a turn of the cards. Mr. Bennett has proved his right to the designation of artist by this finished piece of work.

Next to his delightful presentation must be ranked the excellent work of Charles Ruggles, whose Matt Brady, Galbraith's "man of all work," is a most natural and unaffected piece of good acting. Louis Morrison's Peter Galbraith, proprietor of the trading store, is ragged and uneven, with a tendency to ranting. This same undesirable penchant is noticeable in Sheldon Lewis, whose Jap Durkin is marred by an overhaste to deliver himself of his lines. In fact, Richard Vivian is similarly bitten, and, although his Sergeant Tom Redding is a manly



SARA PERRY, IN "PAID IN FULL," AT THE MASON NEXT WEEK

of an Indian trader, leads him to brave many dangers for her sake and so to redeem his vices, even as Portugais' devotion to Charley Steele proved his saving grace.

If any adverse criticism is to be passed on Bennett's characterization of Pierre, it is in endowing the half-breed with the purring drawl of the French-Canadian habitant, with no trace of the harsher gutturals that would be the natural inheritance of the offspring of an Indian mother and a French voyageur father. To such a product, reared amid the raucous winds and storms of northwest Canada, would hardly be given the soft-spoken, lazy tongue only to be found on the south side of the St. Lawrence, among the pure French-Canadian habitants. One forgets that this is 50 per cent Indian in listening to Mr. Bennett's Pierre. Having known many of Pierre's real kind—not the stage kind—exception must be interposed to the liberties taken in

chap, he suffers by the jerkiness of diction employed. Of course, James K. Applebee is not to blame for the stilted language affected by Father Coraine; but such expressions as "My daughter, see if the tea is brewing," addressed to a stolid squaw, which is typical of his entire vocabulary, surely never was heard on an Indian reservation, where the good father was supposed to have lived more than a score of years. David M. Hartford's Inspector Whitby is as formal and precise as the character warrants. The Val Galbraith of Charles Giblyn is tensely presented in a convincing manner.

Helen Holmes is a disappointing Jen Galbraith. Her conversations with Pierre are suggestive of a graduate from a select boarding school for young ladies, instead of being the natural expressions of a motherless girl, reared in a trader's log house, miles distant from civilization, and the constant associate of rough characters. Granted,

that she is inherently of fine instincts, they would be denoted rather in her actions and character; that she is a girl of noble qualities is revealed by the play's unfolding, but Miss Holmes fails to strike a convincing note; she is pretty and proper, and easily might have been mistaken for the unapproachable head waitress at the Podunk Grand Hotel, so far as characterization goes. Perhaps comparisons are invidious, but one would like to have seen Florence Reed, or that other Florence, Miss Oakley, essay the role. Temperament seems to be lacking in Miss Holmes' portrayal.

Carefully and picturesquely mounted, the scenic environment adds greatly to the interest of the presentation, which is one of the really notable artistic offerings of the season. S. T. C.

"Morals of Marcus" at the Burbank

"The Morals of Marcus" is being given a highly commendable production at the Burbank Theater this week. All who have read William Locke's subtly epigrammatic novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" will regret the dramatization which has robbed the play of that quaint philosophy, that sympathetic note which is the chief charm of the book. Nevertheless, the drama is interesting. There is always an appealing quality in the story of the love of an elderly man for a young girl, and the theme does not lose its attraction when it is so winningly acted as by Byron Beasley and Blanche Hall. Beasley rightly plays Sir Marcus in an intellectual vein that would become austere were it not relieved by the occasional gleams of human tenderness. He is gentle and sympathetic, without being effeminate. Blanche Hall's Carlotta is the best bit of work offered by this clever little actress for many days. When circumstances allow, she is becomingly garbed; her delineation of the elfin child-woman is bewitching, her quaint accent alluring. The best portrayals of the remainder of the company are done by Harry Mestayer and Lovell Alice Taylor.

Capital Bill at the Orpheum

It's English, ye know, quite English, ye know, at the Orpheum this week, what with Lily Lena, Griff, and Sam

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Wilson. The picture of wholesome health, with two rows of perfect teeth and shiny cheeks, Lily Lena, in fetching gowns, repeats her triumphs of last week, and in her song of "Mary" captures the house. Griff appears in the make-up of an English clown, and does clever tricks with hoops, accompanied by a running commentary of true British witticisms, whose good points, however, are not undetected by his audience. He is a capital ventriloquist, as most as good as his prototype, Valentine Vox. His rosy-cheeked son, George, a cute little Britisher, "assists" Looking like a cross between a costermonger and a ticket-of-leave man, Sam Watson exhibits trained dogs, donkeys, goats and chickens, whose performances betoken unusual intelligence. Every child in Los Angeles should be given an opportunity to see the Watson circus; it is unique. Walter Schrade and Lizzie Mulvey, in "Theatrical Agency" comedy skit, make

ne dizzy with the rapidity of their dancing. Both are extremely agile on their feet and as lissome as panthers. Their knockabout whirl at the wind-up has every other dance of its kind backed off the stage. Herbert and Willing are blackface dancers, who are genuinely amusing in their dialogue patter and clever on their feet. The three Donalds repeat their admirable acrobatic stunts of last week. Julius Tannen's nonsense-chatter is not so free from suggestiveness as it was, but he is a versatile entertainer, with considerable ability. The Gibson "Electrified Girl Review" is a fair spectacle, but rather tame, in the main. Harry Turpin's singing in resonant bass voice is the best part of the performance. New motion pictures complete a bill that ranks with the best in many months. The orchestra, under Conductor Frankenstein, in white flannel suits, presents a pleasing picture.

Offerings Next Week

"Paid in Full," one of the biggest and most popular successes of years, will be produced at the Mason Opera House next week, with a cast which, it is promised, will be of exceptional excellence. "Paid in Full" has the brilliant

torium with the play, "Going Some," which has attracted the attention of the theatrical public throughout the east, and, judging from the opinions of the theatrical journals, must be an interesting example of the comedy-drama. Eugene O'Rourke, James Spotswood, Frank Wunderlee, William Brokate, Genevieve Cliffe, Bertha Krieghoff and others well known to the stage will be seen in the cast, which includes twenty-five actual characters. Seat sale is now in progress at the Auditorium box office. As before noted, Len S. Behymer is now the representative of the Shuberts in Southern California and manager of the Auditorium.

"The Way of the World," a play new to local theater goers, will be the offering of the Belasco company for the ensuing week. The piece was made known in the east with Grace George in the chief feminine role. "The Way of the World" will serve to introduce Miss Thais Magrane, the new leading woman of the Belasco company, while at the same time it will mark the last appearance, locally, of Richard Bennett, who returns to the position of leading man with Maude Adams. Miss Magrane comes to Los Angeles with a

Belasco Theater

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The Way of the World

Last appearance of Richard Bennett. First appearance of Thais Magrane.
Next week: Return of Lewis S. Stone in "THE SQUAW MAN."

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THE GREAT DIVIDE

Unexcelled cast. Elaborate Scenic Production
Regular Burbank prices: Nights, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 10c, 25c.

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COMMENCING TUESDAY, AUGUST 31---SAM S. AND LEE SHUBERT (INC.)

Post to Win the Straight-Away CHAMPION OF COMEDIES

GOING SOME

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Seat sale now on. Prices---\$1.50, \$1.75c, 50c and 25c.

Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE

COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 30

Matinee Every Day.
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Sam Chip and Mary Marble,
With John W. Dunner,
"In Old Edam."

Six American Dancers,
High-class Terpsichorean act.

Mathews and Ashley,
in "Held Up."

Conroy, LeMaire & Co.,
in "A King for a Night."

Nights---10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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Circus,

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Griff, "London's juggling,

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Schrode & Mulvey,

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Hibbert & Willing, "Oh, Man."

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August 31, September 1, 2, 3, 4, Vernon vs. Portland.

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Wed., Thurs., Frid., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes. Kid day Sat.

Ladies Free every day except Saturdays and Sundays.



MARY MARBLE, COMING TO THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

record of a two years' run in New York, and on the occasion of its appearance here last season it won as much commendation as was awarded it by eastern critics. The cast to be seen here includes Louis Morrell, Sara Perry, Ned Finley, Charles Riegel, Rose Snyder, Catherine Tallman and Allen Atwell.

William Vaughan Moody's powerful and interesting American play, "The Great Divide," will be the attraction at the Burbank Theater next week, beginning with a matinee performance Sunday. Byron Beasley will have the role of Stephen Ghent, a part that should provide him with the strongest acting opportunities that have fallen to his lot since he became leading man of the company. Blanche Hall will be cast as Ruth Jordan, and the other members of the company will have prominent roles. The play provides ample opportunities for picturesque staging and Manager Oliver Morosco promises a scenic production that shall be worthy in all respects.

On Sunday evening, August 31, will witness the re-opening of the Audi-

torium with the play, "Going Some," which has attracted the attention of the theatrical public throughout the east, and, judging from the opinions of the theatrical journals, must be an interesting example of the comedy-drama. Eugene O'Rourke, James Spotswood, Frank Wunderlee, William Brokate, Genevieve Cliffe, Bertha Krieghoff and others well known to the stage will be seen in the cast, which includes twenty-five actual characters. Seat sale is now in progress at the Auditorium box office. As before noted, Len S. Behymer is now the representative of the Shuberts in Southern California and manager of the Auditorium.

Every one of the newcomers on the Orpheum bill, opening Monday matinee, August 30, has something different to offer, so that the bill will have a flavor of novelty. Heading the new acts are Sam Chip and Mary Marble. These clever little funmakers are well known in their recently deserted musical comedy field. With John W. Dunne they have a skit called "In Old Edam," which is described as a deft Delft dialogue with ditties, and is by Anna Marble-Pollock, sister of Mary, and wife of Channing Pollock, the famous dramatic critic and playwright. A terpsichorean act of high class is

offered by the Six American Dancers, who come here for the first time. Four numbers are given, the American vandieries being the premier. Two skits are the added new ones. The first is presented by Bob Mathews and Herbert Ashley, and is called "Held Up." The other is "A King for a Night," with Frank J. Conroy, George LeMaire and company. Holding over are Sam Watson's farmyard circus; Griff, the jesting juggler; Schrode & Mulvey, and Herbert & Willing.

Asides

Los Angeles and Portland are engaged in an important series this week, the outcome deciding which of the two teams will fight San Francisco for the

pennant. As usual, the Tuesday game was played at Vernon Park. This game proved a very uneven affair, the Loo-loos winning on a 10 to 2 score. The second game was played at Chutes Park, the Beavers taking the game by 4 to 1. After several weeks' absence, on account of illness, Elmer Koestner made his appearance on the mound for the Angels. He pitched a magnificent game, striking out nine of the opposing batters, and allowing them but eight hits. At the conclusion of this week's innings, Los Angeles will play Oakland, San Francisco, Sacramento and Portland. During the absence of the Angels in the north, Vernon will play in succession Portland, Oakland, San Francisco and Sacramento.



Several of the cheaper speculative oils and mining shares have been the trading feature this week, with a substantial rise to their credit in the former and with a loss of half a dozen points in at least one of the latter. Just what has taken Clark Copper down from eighteen to below nine within a month is a mystery to Exchange alley. It is a peculiar condition, to say the least, that Clark Copper, when it was nothing but a hole in the ground in Death Valley, two years ago, should have sold around a dollar a share, while at this time, when the company has a real mine, with a lot of paying ore in sight, the shares are selling under 12 cents. All of which proves that stock values not always are based upon fundamental facts, in Los Angeles as elsewhere.

Several of the most important of the bank stocks that had soared exceptionally high recently were taken down several pegs this week. Security Savings, that gained nearly a hundred dollars of share value in ten days week before last, reverted to 375. Apparently, the orders out for the stock have been supplied, with no further demand just now at the fancy quotations.

German American continues stiff, with the stock headed seemingly toward 350 in the near future. Citizens National is firm around 200, just where it was predicted it would be, in a recent review printed in this column. Southern Trust and First National continue steady with both issues gaining a little all the time.

In the bond list, Home first 5s are soft, with the market not in position to absorb what is being offered. Associated Oil 5s continue in demand. Other issues continue to mark time.

Associated Oil again is weak, with the shares being neglected by the purchasing public. Just what really is in store for the stock it is not yet possible to predict even by insiders.

To this time the Hawaiian sugar stocks, recently listed in this market, have not been accepted here with anything like enthusiasm and considering that San Francisco is not in the habit of encouraging investment buying of Los Angeles stuff, even of the substantial reliability of the Union Oils, there really never was any particular reason why this field should be at all interested in the securities, alleged or real, that at times have proved favorites in the north.

In the local industrial list, the most popular issues continue to be the best known of the public utilities, although Los Angeles Home pfd. has not been any too strong recently. San Diego, and Santa Monica Bay Home are firm with higher prices the rule in both issues, since the last report. The Edisons should prove a purchase just now.

Money is a drug in the market, with a continued tendency toward lower rates.

Banks and Banking

Talk of the effect which the movement of a large crop will have on the money market is heard again. With a steady increase in the demands for money for mercantile and crop-moving purposes, rates in Chicago have advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent of late, and there is prospect of a further slight hardening. Rates that were $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent thirty days ago are now $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent, and bankers do not have to chase borrowers, as was the case recently, but it is getting to be the reverse. The expected large movement of new grain in the northwest will call for more than the usual amount of money for carrying the grain there, and bankers are looking for the placing of heavy amounts in carrying stocks later in the season.

Kansas' state insurance commissioner has refused the National Banks' Insurance Company, which proposed to insure bank deposits, permission to do business in the state, and the company has brought mandamus proceedings to compel him to admit it. The state guarantee plan is taking hold moderately. About 300 out of the 700 state banks have asked for admission.

The number now in the plan have paid into the treasury \$3,546.94, and the deposits of the banks guaranteed aggregate \$7,093,880. Forty-five banks are included in this list, that being the number formally admitted. Depositors are paying little attention to it, and the sentiment is indifferent to the plan among the average depositors.

State Superintendent of Banks Alden Anderson, in a recent circular letter addressed to all national banks in the state, has quoted the opinion of an attorney who holds it is within the power of the superintendent to bring national banks, advertising as savings banks or having savings departments, under the provisions of state banking laws. It is declared that inasmuch as the commercial world recognizes the distinction between commercial and savings banks and as the distinction is also recognized legislatively and in law, that congress purposely omitted the savings bank clause in the act creating national banks, leaving such institutions to state control.

Protest has been made by the Los Angeles Savings Bank against the proposed change of name of the Los Angeles Trust Company to the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank. Attorneys for the former bank contend that if the change is allowed it will cause confusion in names and other similar inconveniences.

Preparations are being made for the organization of the First National Bank of Lordsburg. The capital stock of the proposed new institution will be \$25,000.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Paris reports a steady private sale of American stocks—a novelty, since previous sales, limited exceedingly by state regulations and imposts, have been rather of bonds. This was to be expected from the ever-increasing outflow of French money to foreign countries, for which the reason is largely to be sought in French politics. The present succession of strikes, including that of posts and telegraphs, can only strengthen this tendency and the recent fall in French rentes at the Bourse has no other cause. Finance Minister Caillaux recently deplored this outgo.

It has been decided that the school bond election held last June in Pomona was legally conducted and that the bonds are valid. E. H. Rollins & Co., of Chicago, took the \$65,000 high school polytechnic bonds and the \$70,000 grade school bonds were bought by the state board of examiners.

Sierra Madre is seeking to buy the water plant of Pasadena. The board of trade and the city trustees have been acting jointly with directors of the water company, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made the question will come before the voters of Pasadena at a bond election.

Application for a national bank at Calexico has been approved by the comptroller of currency at Washington. The capital of the institution will be \$50,000. The directors of the new bank have not yet been announced.

Los Angeles supervisors will call for bids on the Los Angeles school district and the high school district bonds at 2 p.m., September 13. The former bonds are for \$240,000 and the high school bonds are for \$480,000.

Bonds for \$10,000 for the Union high school at Elsinore have been advertised for sale.

On Verge of a Buying Boom

According to the manager of one of the leading wholesale firms of Kansas City, the wholesale interests of that city are now enjoying the largest early fall trade in their history. "The volume of it," he says, "is an indication that the regular fall trade which will begin in about ten days will be a record breaker. Not only is the southwest prosperous, but there is a tendency to buy closer home than formerly. While many of the larger firms go on east, the small merchants who are becoming so great a factor in the country trade are buying of the wholesale houses nearest home and are patronizing the houses here rather than send farther toward the Atlantic coast. The wholesale houses of the towns of central Kansas and Oklahoma are also reporting a larger trade for this season than last year, which we take to mean that there

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Through The Graphic

NO WASTE CIRCULATION

will be a generous buying of all sorts during the fall, or as soon as the impetus of the wheat selling is felt in the country towns. This judgment is sustained by the reports from other dealers, and while there has been a delay in the returning trade because of the slow harvest, the opinion is general that the southwest and middle west are on the verge of a buying boom long awaited, and for many reasons delayed. Not since the summer of 1907 has there been so fair a prospect, and the action of the little country merchants is the best exponent of what is to happen. These have been following so close a program of caution and conservatism that it has had its effect on general trade."

Failures of the Week

Commercial failures last week in the United States, as reported by Dun's Review, were 182 against 225 the week previous, and 239 the corresponding week last year. Of last week's failures 57 were in the east, 53 south, 51 west and 21 in the Pacific states, and 61 report liabilities of \$5,000 or more. Liabilities of commercial failures reported for August are \$5,563,293, against \$15,140,862 for the same period last year.

STODDARD-DAYTON NEW GARAGE

Handsome and Commodious, it is Accounted the Peer of Any.

Out at Tenth and Olive streets, on the southwest corner, the Pacific coast agency (controlled by Norman W. Church and F. W. Flint, Jr.) of the Stoddard-Dayton company has erected a garage that in its external and internal appointments in all probability is not excelled by any similar building in the country. The architecture is in mission style, with rough plaster exterior. Nothing handsomer than the show room, 37x100 feet, certainly, has been built. The floor is in mosaic tiling, and the woodwork of mahogany finish. Large plate glass windows serve to set off admirably the exhibits. At the west end are the general offices of the company, individual offices of the salesmen and the private offices of Messrs. Church and Flint. The garage is 82x100, equipped with turn tables, wash racks, tool rooms and all down-to-date accessories. A monster elevator, 10x20, capable of receiving the largest auto made, carries machines to the gasoline repair department, 82x150, or to the repository, 37x100. The supply department is a feature of the second floor. It is in charge of a most competent manager and includes all models of the Stoddard-Dayton company; from here go out all supplies of every kind required west of Denver. The electrical department, 50x130, will house comfortably sixty machines. From the wash room below, the autos are carried up to the second floor, to be charged and repaired. All cars stored are called for and delivered once a day or at any hour of the night, the garage being open day and night. This week saw the installation of the first car of Baker electric, comprising three victorias, one stanhope and one four-passenger coupe. They are now on exhibition in the handsome show room. Messrs. Church and Flint are to be felicitated on the completion of so commodious and strikingly handsome a garage, which is, without doubt, the finest of its kind in the country.

Brief Personal Mention

Mr. Frank Cattern of this city was host recently at a handsomely appointed dinner given at the Annandale Country Club. Pink and green prevailed in the decorations, and the table centerpiece was a mass of pink roses and ferns. Eight guests enjoyed Mr. Cattern's hospitality.

Mrs. Ward Chapman of 254 North Soto street entertained Saturday last with the first of a series of luncheons, this affair having been in compliment to Mrs. George Buxton of Bisbee, Ariz., who is a guest at Hotel Hollywood for the summer. Mrs. Chapman's other guests were Misses George F. Miles, Jr., A. B. McCutcheon, Max Chapman, Moya Stephens, Durward De Van, C. F. Noyes and Miss Clara Smith of Berkeley.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Pierce of West Twenty-fifth street for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Ida Pierce, to Mr. Burnie M. Morris, the ceremony to take place Wednesday noon, September 8, at the University Methodist church.

Personal and Social

(Continued from page 11)

of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley M. Knight of Elden avenue have been passing a part of this week at Coronado. They will visit in San Francisco a month and from there Miss Sutter will return to the east, where she will go to Spring Lake, N. Y., this autumn to continue her studies at Chamberlain Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton H. Garvey and Mr. Charles B. Rhodes of Pasadena are at Del Monte for a few days. They have their Mitchell car with them and are making pleasant trips to the various interesting places in that vicinity.

Mrs. LeMoyné Wills and Miss Echo Allen have been enjoying a delightful visit at Avalon, where they were the house guests of Mrs. Hancock Banning at Descanso. Miss Allen won second prize in the ladies' handicap competition in the recent golf tournament.

Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of Arapahoe street left Tuesday for a short visit with her mother in Iowa. In her mother's absence, Mrs. W. L. Graves, Jr., will remain with her father, Judge Hubbell, who is slowly convalescing from his serious illness.

Miss Simpson of this city was one of a motor car party that reached Del Monte last Saturday. Other members of the party were Mr. F. Reis, Jr., Mr. Christian Reis and Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stent of San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Eaton and her daughter, Miss Gladys Eaton, of 2419 Ocean View, have returned from the north, where they were for six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Blagge entertained recently at their Bay City home with a dinner party in compliment to Mr. Robert Woodville, who, this week, resumed his studies at Stanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. White of 1137 Ingraham street left recently for Spokane, where they will enjoy a visit with their son, Mr. Charles H. White, Jr., formerly of this city. En route, Mr. and Mrs. White have planned a stay of several days in Seattle.

Mrs. Julius S. Morris and her daughter, Miss Aimee, of this city are visiting in San Francisco with Mrs. H. M. Wallenstein.

Mrs. W. D. McGilvray and son, Mr. Don A. McGilvray, of Pasadena are guests at Hotel Virginia for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Duque, with their son, Thomas, and their daughter, Miss Evangeline Duque, have returned from a delightful trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Sale of 685 Berendo street left recently for a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Lucian Young of Mare Island, wife of Captain Young, one of the distinguished officers of the United States navy, has gone back to her northern home after a visit in Long Beach as the guest of relatives, Mrs. Sarah Chandler and daughter, Miss Jessie Chandler.

Mr. William Bayly's yacht, Evian, was moored at Avalon Bay Sunday afternoon, after a cruise to Clemente and the Channel Islands. Aboard were Mr. Bayly, Mr. W. M. Erb of Goldfield and Messrs. J. A. Stearn and Oliver P. Posey of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hines, with their daughter and son, Miss Marjorie Hines and Master Hines, registered recently at Hotel Metropole, Catalina.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Hansell and daughters, Misses Marguerite and Bernice, have been enjoying a fortnight's sojourn at Redondo Beach.

Follows Camp, in the San Gabriel canyon, is the rallying point of a party of merry picnickers, which is being chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ford Howland. In the party are Misses Bessie Howland, Grace Barton, Eva Jackson, Grace West, Messrs. Will Abbott, Frank Barton, Arthur Jackson and S. Howland.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Pierce and daughter,

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ter, Miss Lorna Pierce, of Rich street, are expected to arrive from an ex-September. Mrs. Pierce and her daughter have been visiting in Brighton, Mass., where they were guests of Mrs. Pierce's mother, Mrs. W. L. Cook. They were met in the east by Dr.

Pierce, who visited at Seattle, Spokane and St. Paul en route, and who attended the medical convention in Boston. tended eastern trip in the early part of

Mr. and Mrs. Clair S. Tappaan have returned to Los Angeles to reside and are at 2846 Ingraham street.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

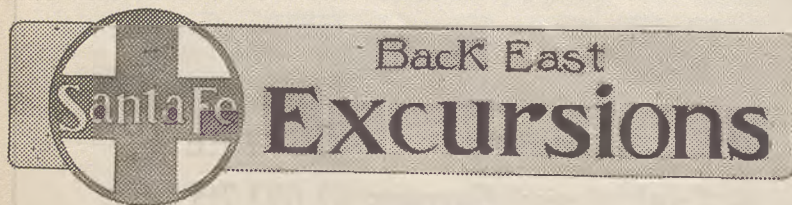
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